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PEACE OF CHRIST.

BY REV. S. H. BEALE.

When proudly the waves raise their voices
On high,
And from in their anger so dark,
The dove o'er the waters then calmly will fly
With emblems of peace to the ark.
When back to their caverns the billows
Have fled,
And the tumult of waters shall cease.
The Lord on the cloud for a token will spread
The bow of His promise of peace.

When tempest had swollen Gennesaret's lake,
And raged in its fury around,
The trembling fishes in terror awake,
From slumber refreshing, their Lord:
"Oh, cease! Thou not that we perish," they said,
"Be still!" and the wild tumults cease,
And calmly, in quiet, each wave bowed its head,
To Christ's benediction of "Peace!"

The terrified band in great dread of their foe,
Had met in the chamber secure,
The voice of their Master in sweetness arose,
"My peace shall forever endure."
The trustful disciple now hears his Lord say,
"My peace I will grant unto thee;
Not given as giveth the world for display—
The peace that proceedeth from Me."

"Whenever My people will harken to Me,
Their peace like a river will flow,
And righteousness, grand as the waves of the sea,
A mighty salvation shall show.
Great peace to them all who will keep My command,
And safety when dangers assail."
These truths of our Lord shall eternally stand,
And none of His promises fail.

The waves and the billows may over me sweep,
And bear me away on their tides;
But surely my God doth His covenant keep,
My ark in security rides.
The future need bring me no shadow of dread,
Nor cause me in terror to start,
Since peace, the fair angel, her pinions hath spread,
And warbled her song in my heart.

FEATHERS FROM A FLYING WING.

BY GILBERT HAYEN.

AMONG THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS.
It is a long while since this black lead quill flew along these white wave-paths in talk with the HERALDISTS—such talk, perhaps, as Mr. Bryant's water-fowl has with the waters he skims. But my palatial residence, built by Mr. Pullman, and carried in a most itinerant fashion, at a rapid rate, brings back the conditions essential to the conversation. Resting at my official home, or the long and most unnatural idleness of Baltimore, would have ordinarily caused an epistolary result. But these epistles of the wing must be written on the wing, or they will not fly along the pages whither they tend. They may not, even then.

I had purposed to discuss graver themes in the opening of this second ecclesiastical year of my talks with my Methodist New England brothers and sisters, even those that arise out of the new and painfully altered status of our Church in the Southern central regions. But such serious subjects are not to be gibbly rattled off to the rushing accompaniment of a twelve-wheeled car-track. The calm, thorough hours of thoughtful repose call for such contemplations. It is enough now to say, that never was New England's heroic faithfulness to principle, at the expense of opposition to the popular side, so often illustrated in her grand Methodist and national history, more demanded than at this hour, when we are remoulding our Church in all this vast region south of the Ohio and Potomac, and, in some degree, north of them also; and where, unless her principles make the mould and leave the lump that flows into it, and stiffens in it, into enduring shapes, all our work here

may be worse than lost. It will not only have to be done over again, as that has had to be done, which the great Asbury did, but it may be found, as that has been, fervent and foremost in the conflicts of the future against the very cause and Christ, of which it is fondly supposed by us, as that was by its founder, but not fashioner, to be the very chiefest exponent and defender. We have fallen apart, and are on deceitful and dangerous ground. Let New England Methodists, most of whom stood so grandly by the right at Baltimore, and all who sympathize with them, labor and pray, the last first, but not alone, for the recovery of the lost principle, and its advancement to the front over all our territory, and through all forms of religious and social being.

But we are resting on the wave, when we should be flying over it. Let us away to the mountains! Last Friday, in the afternoon (you will find which Friday, before long), we bade adieu to Brother Ramsey, at Cleveland, near Chattanooga, from whose table we had just arisen, after a double entertainment (that on and that around the board), and with whom we agreed on every subject but the color-line, wherein he will yet wheel into line with us, after due Southern gyrations in the wrong direction.

Brother Hayden, another very positive and very pleasant Southern brother, pastor of our pretty Church here, is also waved adieu, and Brother Spence, the president of the East Tennessee College (I suppose he is Dr. Spence by this time, he ought to be), and your humble pencil-ographer begin to climb the three thousand feet and the forty miles, the first almost, and the last altogether, as soon as they turn from the hotel. It had been raining since Monday, and this day, and the very hour of our starting, the rain had fallen in sheets. But we were pledged for the mountain-tops that Sunday, and we must face the showers and storms, to fulfill our engagement. There is no way of making a bad appointment a good one; but by keeping it; so out into the clouds and showers we go. They soon came near, and not thirty minutes after leaving the hotel is it, before we are walking slowly, as to the home, up slippery roads, on which his feet can hardly make a footing, beneath an umbrella, which carefully deposits the fullness of very wet and heavy clouds on the right and left shoulder of the one and the other, with equal and impartial distribution on feet and knees and backs. The open buggy and no boot to boot, are only encouragements to the rain to do its best; and it is equal to its opportunity. I never saw it anywhere do better. "Had you seen these two travelers," as Mr. James might have said, long time ago, pulling up those slippery hills of red clay, crouched, as to their heads, under that not wide-spreading umbrella, moist, wet bodies, dripping as to backs and legs and shoulders, you would have thought two more disconsolate knights never went forth on bootless chase for glory than were in that establishment. The broken dasher of the dilapidated vehicle, and the slow-pulling old *Rosinante*, that evidently intended to make the most of the trip, did not lighten the picture. He had been there before, and knew what it meant when his nose was turned that way. Surely these were the Knights of a Sad Contenance, useful followers of useful Don Quixotes. (Pronounce this word right, please, and call them *Quixotes*.) But you would never have been more mistaken in your lives, than by such a blunder. They were Methodist ministers, and who ever saw them of sad countenance? It was they, rather than the dear old Pilgrims, who

"Made the depths of the forest ring
With their hymns of lofty cheer."
The old minor tunes of the Puritans and Covenanters had no "lofty cheer" in their tones. It was all in their sublime resolve and patient purpose. They were persistent, but not cheerful. The Methodist itinerant struck this exultant key. He is the true disciple of John Wesley, who, when eighty years old, said he had never felt low spirits fifteen minutes in all his life. So, had you come within earshot of that pluvial couple, you would have heard "mirth," and almost "youthful jollity."

"And laughter shaking both its sides," issuing from the black tent. You would have heard scraps of sacred song; for one had been a music teacher, and both were Methodist ministers. You would have heard sharp debate on sanctification, of course, that being the subject every Methodist talks about, and no one (dare I say it?) knows anything about, like Scotchmen on metaphysics, or Calvinists on deities; though, unlike Calvinists and metaphysicians, Methodists can enjoy what they cannot formulate. Discussions on General Conference, in which agreements and disagreements are developed, can also be overheard, though all disagreements end in harmony; and not least in liveliness or obscurity, guesses as to the nominee of Cincinnati. Methodist

preachers are forbidden even to pray for such subjects, much less talk about them, though I see two famous Unitarian clergymen were present, and active in debate and caucus. But as their religion is entirely on the human side, and not much at even that, they may be allowed privileges which we, more richly endowed, are forbidden; as street boys can go and do where and what the queen's sons cannot.

You will now see what Friday it was. The day when everybody's ear was *en rapport* with Cincinnati, and at its consummating hour, we ride into a region where no telegraph nor rail-car comes, and where for three days, perhaps, we should not know who was to be our next President. It was exasperating, especially to my brother, who was as furious a Blaineite as the most maniacal of the Mainiacs. His companion, having exhausted his political energies in prayer, was indifferent as to which of the non-prayed for won. It was Sunday noon before a hack arrived at the mountains, and put the Blaine devotee in the same mounting coach with his already bereft brother. Forty hours after all the rest of the world, even Europe and the inhabitants of the Garden of Eden (see Dr. Newman's readable book), had known that another Ohioan was to rule the nation, this Ohio brother found out that fact in the mountains of Tennessee. He might have known better, at the start, than to have supposed that anybody out of Ohio would have borne off the prize. Don't we get all our rulers, in Church and State, from that chosen spot? Long ago it was declared that it should be called *Episcopopia*; now it may be named *Presidentialia*. Well, it gets up good stuff, in either case, and being in the centre of the nation, may properly claim to be the head-centre of the nation.

As we thus plod along our wet and weary way, beguiled by pleasant fights on many fields, amid trees that stand differently in and out of the fenceless road, we haul up at a farmhouse, and inquire where Mr. Stamper lives, with whom we intend to pass the night. "Oh, you're on the wrong road!" is the answer. "He lives on the other road, two miles above this." They were hardly twenty rods apart at Cleveland. Here they were two miles; so we had to cross over. A cross road in the South is apt to make travelers cross. It is practically no thoroughfare. But we must undertake it, so we turn away from the exceedingly rutty and muddy and up and down highway to a byway, which will make this seem, by comparison, an asphalt pavement. The road goes up and down, not before you alone, but on either side, so that we cling to each other, now one, and then the other, in the more affectionate manner, to keep ourselves from being laid out in the mud in a more affectionate manner. Suppose we pause right here, and leave you to guess how we came out. That is the true novelist style.

HYMN FOR THE CENTENNIAL.

[At the great national celebration on the Fourth in Philadelphia, the chorus sang the following original hymn, by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes:—]

WELCOME TO THE NATIONS.

Bright on the banners of Ily and rose
Lo! the last sun of our century sets;
Wreath the black cannon that scowled on our foes,
All but her friendships the nation forgets!
All but her friends and their welcome forgets!
These are around her; but where are her foes?

Lo! while the sun of her century sets,
Peace with her garlands of Ily and rose!

Welcome! a shout like the war-trumpet swell
Wakes the wild echoes that slumber around!

Welcome! it quivers from Liberty's bell!
Welcome! the walls of her temple resound!

Hark! the gray walls of her temple resound!
Fades the far voices o'er hillside and dell;

Welcome! still whisper the echoes around;
Welcome! still trembles on Liberty's bell!

Thrones of the continents! Isles of the sea!
Yours are the garlands of peace we enwreath;

Welcome, once more to the land of the free,
Shadowed alike by the palm and the pine;

Softly they murmur, the palm and the pine;
"Hushed is our strife, in the land of the free!"

Over your children their branches enwreath,
Thrones of the continents! Isles of the sea!

God has entered into covenant with us,
And made rich promises. He says, "One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." God works through instrumentalities. The harvest does not last all the year—a little while and we shall be done. Shall we fill up our probation by letting God work through us? He can do abundantly more than we can ask or think. Many extol works beyond their value, but let the heart be filled with the grace of God, and works will follow.

PIOUS NUISANCES.

BY REV. O. H. JASPER, D. D.

Pious frauds are among the old stories. They are not entirely played out, but they have been so long played that the world is not so often made game as it used to be. Every dog must have his day, but when he has had it, decency requires that he retire and give way to the next. The world, probably, will not be free from abuse till every one has had his turn. Wicked as this world is, and growing worse all the while—as some allege—it takes strongly to piety. Good sense calculates that piety is without guile; and it is, therefore, often taken in. Piety, in these times, is really no security against suspicion. Political frauds are the order of the day, and every man is on the watch for every other; somebody, therefore, is quite likely to be detected, exposed, and punished—unless, as seems not altogether unlikely, the criminals are found to be in a majority. But pious frauds are usually so fixed as to make the perpetrator safe. So these more modern pious nuisances are so managed as to make the victim his own immolator; and usually he is so taken in—"drawn in"—that he is not inclined to say much about it. Somehow it becomes so intertwined between the two parties to it, that little is said on either side—one from chagrin, the other to avoid notice. And yet he comes again, and plays the same game. These victims are too good to deal properly with the subject.

For many years there has been a numerous class of self-constituted, roaming, temperance lecturers. They have no credentials, but such certificates, testimonials, letters, and the like, as have been contributed by friends, whose interest prompted the measure, as an easy mode of ridding themselves or the municipality of a pauper tax; or they have been contributed by timid parties, who had not the face to refuse so small a favor, when so pressingly asked. These men have never been called or sent by anybody. They simply go; and we allow the right of every man "to go" and work the work to which he is called, provided the "call" is justified by competent abilities, and provided he always "goes on his own hook." The usual mode of these men is to send a note to the pastors of a town, rather pompously written, setting forth that the cause of temperance is in peril, and all humanity with it; that the writer is its champion, and now is the golden opportunity; that these beloved and honored shepherds of the sheep must be deeply interested to strike a telling, and perhaps final, blow at the destroyer; and that the champions only ask a well-warmed and lighted hall or church, and to be well advertised and entertained. These granted, they take a collection and pass on to the next place, where the same scene is repeated. It must not be overlooked, that the note, notice, or order, is invariably placed so near the time for the lecture, that no return can be made to it; or, if there is time, the place can no more be counted on than that of a cork at sea.

And all this would furnish little cause of complaint, if the laborer was worthy of what he takes away. But the lecture is in no way calculated to advance the cause after which it is named. The phraseology may be strong enough; the name may be there; and this is about all. It may furnish amusement for an hour to the boys of the street, but not what they need, nor the worth of the money it costs. It is not an equivalent for the value received. It rather sinks a worthy cause by the improper use of its name. In humble imitation of Barnum's circus, it gathers up the fractional currency of the town, but leaves nothing to show for it. But there is this difference: Barnum comes in his own name, and you know what to expect; while the nuisance comes in the name of temperance, and you are taken in by it.

Later still, there comes upon the scene of life a roving company of men under the taking title of "The Young Men's Christian Association." According to our recollection, associations of this kind were organized some years ago to go forth in search of the lost; to search out the cause, which they knew not; to perform Christian labor in destitute places; and in cities and populous towns to look after young men from the country, and to furnish companionships, religious reading, and a place of resort for an evening or any leisure hour or spare time they might have without being compelled to enter the theatre or grog-shop. And the services thus rendered to many a son and brother from the rural districts have made a grateful record upon many a loving heart throughout the country. These services have made this title well known through all the land. It is gratefully recognized everywhere, and it is supposed that everything covered by that name is sacred to the services to which it was originally

consecrated. No one suspects a fraud; and when it is announced that the "Young Men's Christian Association" is to be in town next Sabbath, and a few days besides, it is naturally expected that some earnest work will be done outside the common tracks. Great is the disappointment, then, to find only a company of nice young men—with traces of gray on some—come in to take the old seats, and languidly lecture their seniors and superiors upon the modes, methods, etc., of Church work. The "neglected classes" are neglected still. These men have come to occupy cushioned seats; not to work, but to tell their betters how to do it.

The "notices" are served out in a manner very similar to the same in the temperance nuisance. There is no such thing as waiting for a "call," or such a thing, even, as the modern seeking for an "invitation." The programme is made six months or a year ahead. They come to time, but leave no record. They have "a good time." They print and circulate the fullest testimonials from A, B, C, and so on, and so, that very much good resulted from the visitation. These testimonials are very important, as they are usually the only evidence in the case.

We object to these things for the cause's sake. We also dislike to encourage roaming and habits of indolence. We dislike to see men go before they are sent, or come before they are called. We object, also, to the assumption of such superiority in the work of the Master. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

And it is best to endure or cure these evils? Shall we comply with these imperious demands, and yield our places, once or twice a year now, and often in a few years, and so on, till all order is broken up, or shall we disregard these unauthorized orders a few times, and abate the nuisance? The latter seems the more rational and truly Christian course. While holding to the largest liberty in religious belief and labor, and earnestly bidding "God speed" every sincere worker in the "field," which is "the world," we as earnestly protest against impudent intrusions into other men's labors.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

BY L. M. D.

ORANGE FREE STATE.

There is one little country represented in the Exposition, whose small enclosure is always full of people, and which receives far more attention than its relative importance would seem to demand. It has draped its walls so prettily, and throws out such an inviting appearance, that persons drift in hardly knowing why they go. Then, it is situated just in the corner at the right of the main entrance, and is sure on that account to receive the first visit from the persons who have never been inside before. It has not much to show, but it has done such a plucky little thing to show anything at all, that it deserves more than a passing notice.

For the benefit of those who do not know any more about it than I did before I went to geography and cyclopeda to find out, I will just state that this little Dutch-African colony, having an area of about seventy thousand square miles, lies away in South Africa, north of the British colony of the Cape of Good Hope. We ought to give its people the right hand of fellowship, for they have formed their little Republic because they didn't like the British rule, and their little yellow and white flag snaps out to the breeze with the same sunny toss that has sometimes shown itself in the one-time rebellious stars and stripes.

The inhabitants are Dutch emigrants and their descendants, who settled at the Cape of Good Hope. Here they remained until about thirty-seven years ago, when they took their wives, children and cattle, and went away north to the country bordering the Orange River. Here they had freedom, but at the cost of harassments from the native African tribes, and persecutions and oppressions from the British, which only finally ceased a dozen years ago, when the English, needing their help in a threatened border war with the native Kafirs, gave them a final grant of independence.

They now number about one hundred thousand people—twenty-five thousand of whom are natives, and the rest of Dutch descent. They have their little Republic, their President, of whom they send us a photograph, framed and hung in their department. It is a strong, sensible, benevolent face, such as one might find anywhere among our substantial, plain, Western men. They have their legislative body, or "people's council," as it is called, their schools, their industries of every kind, and, best of all, their independence.

But the marvel is, that from across such miles of sea, they should have sent us better illustrations of what they have done than we have from some of our own States. We must remember

that they have no railways yet, and no seaports; nevertheless they have made their country one of the most attractive spots of its size in any of the Exposition. Beautiful collections of tropical birds give color to the walls, and the graceful drapery of red and orange and blue, gives the department a holiday aspect. The display of ostrich feathers is remarkably fine, and many cases of bright-winged insects are scattered here and there, while the feather-flowers of every tint and variety make still further addition to the mere prettiness of the spot. Large cases show many varieties of grains, among which a large, berried wheat is conspicuous. They have sent fine varieties of wool, and sections of trees, showing the olive and blue green woods to be very abundant. Ostrich eggs are arranged in unique forms, and the cream of tartar fruit has a little table all by itself, where one may see it in the various stages of its growth from the brown nut to the fine, white powder.

Two cases hold precious stones in the rough, showing diamonds, rubies, etc., some of them of real value. In manufacture there is pretty basket-work, showing that they can make rugs, robes, beds, or shelter of the rushes, as the Egyptians do of the palms. A few specimens of cloths, some implements used by the Kafirs, or natives, and models of wagons by which their wool is transported to market, with several saddles and remarkably well made harnesses, nearly complete their exhibit.

In itself it does not seem much, but the marvel is, that having so little to show, they should have felt like sending it at all. Both for the sending and the tasteful manner in which they have made the most of what they had, they certainly deserve most cordial approval from the sister Republic that set them the example, without which there would have been no Centennial for them to celebrate.

A BEAUTIFUL SUNDAY BY THE SEA.

SEA GROVE SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

BY MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

The morning of July 24 dawned as clear and beautiful as the nation's Centennial Sunday need be, at Sea Grove, a mile and a half from the celebrated watering-place at Cape May. Sea Grove is the first attempt of Presbyterians to follow the Methodist example of opening religious watering-places where all the advantages of bathing, fresh air, etc., may be obtained without the counteracting drawbacks of dress, fashion and temptation. It owes its existence to the enterprise and energy of Alexander Whilden, a merchant *sans peur et sans reproche* in Philadelphia, and he is said to have invested something like half a million in it already. Although only fourteen months old, many miles of graded streets have already been laid out, fifty-six cottages built, and three large hotels erected; the ground has been turfed, and quite an array of flowers, now in full bloom, border the ways. The bathing, owing to the broad, hard, almost level beach and gentle surf, is remarkably fine, and Sea Grove bids fair to become a very popular resort.

Here, for the week preceding our Centennial Sunday, the first Sunday-school Conference of the season has been in session. Many meetings of Normal Class drill were held every day in the "Pavilion,"—an octagonal structure with substantial roof, floor, and bell-tower, seats for 1,500, and open sides which can be curtailed at pleasure,—and the afternoon *conversations* for the infant and primary classes were conducted in the great drawing-room of the Sea Grove House by Mrs. Partridge, of St. Louis, and Mrs. Alden, of Cincinnati, best known to the Sunday-school world as "Pansy." Every evening a great assembly gathered in the same drawing-room and were addressed by such men as Dr. Henson (Baptist), of Philadelphia, Dr. Searles (Methodist), of New Haven, Dr. Howard Crosby (Presbyterian), of New York, and Dr. Durfee of Brooklyn. The attendance has not been so large as was expected, perhaps not more than four or five hundred delegates being present; but those have been of a decidedly representative character, belonging to all denominations, and representing nearly every State. Every variety of Sunday-school work has been touched upon; Frank Beard and Mr. Ray have shown their wonderful blackboard work, Mr. Green has taught Bible chronology and history, teachers' meetings have been conducted, and veritable Sunday-school work carried on.

On the Sunday in question the first services were prayers in the various hotels at eight o'clock, led by different ministers—simple, sweet and tender. At eleven, a pretty good congregation gathered in the Pavilion to hear Rev. H. Clay Trumbull, once well known as an army chaplain and an enforced

denizen of the Libby prison, now editor of *The Sunday-school Times*, preach his Centennial sermon on "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." At three Mrs. Partridge taught the infant class before a crowd of spectators, and at four Mr. John Wannamaker went entirely through the form of his own Bethany mission school, of world-wide celebrity, teaching "the lesson," and closing with a ten minutes' prayer-meeting.

A great crowd, largely composed of the colored employees of the hotels, gathered in the Pavilion, which was rather dimly-lighted, at "the gloamin'." The meeting was called "evangelistic," which simply means that in variety of speakers, warmth and earnestness of tone, and spirited singing, it more nearly resembled a Methodist meeting than anything else. In heartiness of singing the colored people take especial delight, and they continued at it until long after the benediction, when at last Mr. Wannamaker, who was in charge, broke up the meeting, and the delegates wandered in groups along the sea-shore, by moonlight, talking of the pleasant hours spent together here, and the glorious ones to come in the land where parting shall be a forgotten word.

Thus ended the first Presbyterian camp-meeting we have ever attended, and an early hour the next morning saw all the Sunday-school people enroute for the nation's great birthday celebration on the Fourth in the city of its cradle. But amid all the booming of cannons, ringing of bells, and thunder of oratory, which have reverberated through the intervening days, have floated sweetly the pleasant echoes of our Centennial Sabbath with Jesus by the sea.

EXCERPTS FROM THE PRESS.

Growing Old.—A man may die at threescore and ten, and die all too early for his eternal peace. He has not wrought the will of God. On the other hand, a child may drop out of life, and not too soon; it had more true wisdom than the man of many years. The prediction of the prophet may be fulfilled—"and the child shall die an hundred years old." Years of time are not the measure of life. The truest life brings eternity into its embrace. There is a depth and broadness about it which time cannot span.

I think I can imagine the feeling of a man, when the consciousness that age is creeping on him impresses itself upon him, when he says for the first time, "I am getting old; the morning of life is all gone; the best part is past; I am on the downhill side of life—only the remnant remains." A sad moment for him who lives for this world. Living for the world, and the world going from him—the best part gone. The idol slipping from his grasp, while the worshiper still clutches it, and has nothing besides. Withering for the grave, and yet life's real work undone, not even begun; the very purpose for which God put him into the world cast aside. A sad state! nothing more sad. What solemn, dreary things must birthdays be to such a man! so many strokes of the death-knell heard beforehand.

But oh, not sad to the Christian to grow old. Listen to what the late Dr. Guthrie said of his advancing years: "They say I am growing old, because my hair is silvered, and there are crow's-feet upon my forehead, and my step is not so firm and elastic as of yore. But they are mistaken. That is not me. The brow is wrinkled, but the brow is not me. This is the house in which I live; but I am young, younger now than I ever was before." O blessed religion, which can make a man look down into the abyss of the grave, and out into eternity, with such a spirit as that!—Rev. John K. Allen.

Origin of Bible Societies.—A young Welsh girl, in 1802, was wont to walk a distance of seven miles weekly, for an opportunity of reading the Bible. In one of these weekly journeys she was met by Mr. Charles, of Bala, who, on learning the fact, went up to London to ask for Welsh Bibles for distribution. When in conversation with some friends on the subject, one—Joseph Hughes—exclaimed, Why not establish a society for sending Bibles to Wales? But if to Wales, why not to England? If to England, why not to Europe? If to Europe, why not to the whole world? This small mustard seed has spread into the British and Foreign Bible Society as it now is; and the simple fact that that little girl's going seven miles a week for a Bible has led to the wonderful distribution of 76,000,000 copies of the Word of God, in whole, or in part, throughout the length and breadth of the world.

Beware of shutting yourselves up within a certain narrow pale of sympathy, and fostering unreasonable hatreds and prejudices against others.

A large majority of the exhibitors at the Centennial favor the Sunday closing.

MISCELLANEOUS. THE WESLEY FAMILY.

BY REV. J. NOON.

Memorials of the Wesley Family, including Biographical and Historical Sketches of all the Members of the Family for Two Hundred and Fifty Years; together with a Genealogical Table of the Wesleys, with Historical Notes for more than Nine Hundred Years. By George J. Stevenson. Nelson & Phillips.

Samuel Wesley, the elder brother of John and Charles, two weeks before his sudden death, wrote thus to his mother: "My brothers are now becoming so notorious, that the world will be curious to know when and where they were born, what schools they attended, what colleges in Oxford and what matriculated, what degrees they took, and where, when, and by whom ordained." This was written but a few months after the two brothers, with Whitefield, had commenced field preaching, and in that way produced such an excitement as England had not known for a long time. Samuel thought their conduct very reprehensible, yet had an idea that the world would wish to know something about them. The correctness of this idea has been shown. The world has wished to know all about the brothers, and more than this, all about the family to which they belonged. It may be doubted whether Samuel himself would now have been known at all, had he not been the brother of these "notorious" men. The depth of the impression made upon society by John and Charles is shown by the inquiries to which we now refer, respecting the Epworth family and its progenitors.

John Wesley has been honored, as few other men have, in being the subject of seven independent biographies, beside sketches innumerable, published within eighty years of his death. And further, the inquiries respecting him have reached back to his parents, each of whom has been made a subject of biography, while everything respecting his brothers and their unfortunate sisters has been diligently gleaned up. In addition to this, two indefatigable inquirers, Dr. Adam Clarke and the Rev. William Beal, have employed themselves in tracing back the genealogy of the family. So much has been brought to light by these efforts that it has been thought, and sometimes said, that everything which can be known respecting the Wesleys has been published. Yet here comes from the press a large octavo of nearly six hundred pages telling the story of the wonderful Epworth family, and containing a promise of more yet to come. Why this? It is well known that John Wesley by his will left all his papers, which included many family records, to three persons, Coke, Whitehead, and Moore, "to be burned or published as they see good" (see his will). As these three men wrote three different biographies of Wesley, it was supposed that they examined the manuscripts thus held by them. It, however, now appears that they neglected so to do. Moore, who survived the other two, left the Wesley manuscripts to three friends on the same condition on which he received them. Two of these persons died, and the third not caring to undertake the enormous task of reading and arranging such a mass of old papers, gave the privilege to George J. Stevenson, the author of the volume before us. This gentleman felt a deep interest in the subject, and though employed in mercantile pursuits from eight o'clock, A. M., to seven P. M., daily, he devoted his mornings and evenings to the examination. In the meantime the great and increasing success of Methodism had awakened a deeper interest than ever in the history of its founder; letters and papers bearing upon such history were brought to light from other places, most of which by some means came under the eye of Mr. Stevenson. What he thus learned led him to search still further, and by letter, or by visiting parties from whom more might be learned, he has acquired in twenty-five years a vast amount of original information respecting the Wesley family. Tyerman used such of the papers as came within his scope; Kirk, in his "Mother of the Wesleys," acknowledges his obligation to Mr. Stevenson; and Dr. Rigg was probably induced to write his "Living Wesley" through information thus made known.

Dr. Clarke and Mr. Beal confessed their inability to ascertain Wesley's genealogy further back than to his great grandfather, Bartholomew Wesley. Mr. Stevenson, however, has traced the family back to a noble thane, raised to that dignity by Athelstan, the Saxon king of England, upwards of a century before the Norman conquest. Of course this disposes of Dr. Clarke's conjecture that the family was of Arabic origin, and reached England through Spain. Hence tell us that King Athelstan named a law that a merchant who had made three long sea voyages on his own account, should be raised to the dignity of a thane. Whether Guy, the ancestor of the Wesleys, was raised on this account, we are not informed. In the next century the representative of the family was the owner of the manor of Wolswey, from which time the family was known by this name, though, as in all other names at that period, the orthography varied: Welswey, Wellesley, Wesley, and Wesley. When Henry II. conquered Ireland, Walter Wellesley was his standard-bearer, and was rewarded with large grants of land in the conquered country. Much fighting had to be done in Ireland after the so-called conquest, and the grandson of Walter, William, who

was made a knight, fell in battle together with his son in A. D. 1303. In the second generation following, Sir William Wellesley was made a peer of the realm, with the title of Baron Norragh—a title, however, of which his grandson was deprived in consequence of having offended the usurping monarch, Henry IV. Sir William, Baron Norragh, had four sons, one of whom became a crusader, and was killed in Palestine fighting with the Saracens. The other three sons became the founders of three distinct lines of the family—Walton continuing the main line, Richard going to Ireland and founding a branch there, while Arthur originated another in Wales. One of the representatives of this Welch branch, for valuable services, was made Grand Porter to the king, which led the family to change the name to Porter. To this family belonged the celebrated traveler, Sir Robert Ker Porter, and his talented sisters, Anna Maria and Mary Jane. The Irish family intermarried at least twice with the main line, yet continued distinct. It was the representative of this family who proposed to make Charles Wesley his heir, and upon his refusal adopted some other distant relative, from whom the Duke of Wellington descended. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Herbert Wesley, of the main line, had three sons; one died unmarried, the older continued the family line, and the younger was the Bartholomew Wesley, great-grandfather of John and Charles, beyond whom Clarke and Beal could not carry their researches. Such is the genealogy Mr. Stevenson has discovered, after consulting some ten or a dozen books on heraldry, peerage, baronetage, etc. Many members of the family during the thousand years of its prominence have occupied distinguished positions, but of them we make no mention.

With Bartholomew Wesley the biographies of Mr. Stevenson begin. After studying theology and medicine at Oxford, Bartholomew became a minister. The Long Parliament under Charles I. caused an examination to be made of the lives of the ministers in the Church. Many were expelled for immorality, or incompetency, and into two small adjacent livings thus made vacant, Bartholomew was inducted. After the return of the Stuarts, he was, in 1661, turned out as an intruder. His son John, who likewise studied at Oxford, became a minister under the protectorate of Cromwell, but was silenced on black Bartholomew Day, 1662, by the atrocious Act of Uniformity. The imprisonment and other persecutions he suffered brought him to the grave in early life. He left several children, two of which only are now known—Matthew and Samuel. Matthew, who became a physician in London, receives from Mr. S. a more favorable character than has previously been given him. Samuel became the well-known rector of Epworth. His biography is sketched, with that of his more deserving wife, together with those of his children who reached maturity, and notices of many of their descendants. The book contains, likewise, the biographies of Charles Wesley's wife and of his three children with two of his grandchildren, and the names of other of his descendants.

In going over this ground, much is repeated from Clarke, Tyerman (Life, etc.), of Samuel Wesley, and Kirk, but with considerable additions. A few of these new things we briefly mention. There is a series of letters from Susannah Wesley to her oldest son when at Westminster school. These are fully equal to anything we have previously read from her pen, and show her splendid talent, her good common sense, her fervent piety, and her intense maternal anxiety for the spiritual welfare of her boy. We learn, too, that the granddaughters of this boy, for whom his mother was so interested, emigrated to France, where one of them became the wife of the unfortunate Marshal Ney. The book settles the question respecting the time of Charles Wesley's birth. It has long been known that Jackson's date, December 18th, 1708, copied a hundred times, was incorrect. A letter written by the father, Samuel Wesley, to the Duke of Buckingham, four or five days after the fire at the parsonage, states twice that Mrs. Wesley was near her confinement. As the fire occurred on Feb. 9th, 1709, it is evident Charles could not have been born seven weeks previously. The true date is a year earlier than Jackson states, December 18th, 1707. Martha was born the previous year, 1706. The lamentable story of Hetty, Mrs. Wright, is now traced, raised to that dignity by Athelstan, the Saxon king of England, upwards of a century before the Norman conquest. Of course this disposes of Dr. Clarke's conjecture that the family was of Arabic origin, and reached England through Spain. Hence tell us that King Athelstan named a law that a merchant who had made three long sea voyages on his own account, should be raised to the dignity of a thane. Whether Guy, the ancestor of the Wesleys, was raised on this account, we are not informed. In the next century the representative of the family was the owner of the manor of Wolswey, from which time the family was known by this name, though, as in all other names at that period, the orthography varied: Welswey, Wellesley, Wesley, and Wesley. When Henry II. conquered Ireland, Walter Wellesley was his standard-bearer, and was rewarded with large grants of land in the conquered country. Much fighting had to be done in Ireland after the so-called conquest, and the grandson of Walter, William, who

whether they have reached this country. Brief notices are given of two of his sons; one became chaplain to the Queen with a residence in St. James' Palace where he died seventeen years ago leaving a family; the other is yet living, one of the most eminent musicians in England.

But we must stop. As we have intimated, those persons who have read the works previously written respecting the Wesley family, will find much here repeated, but those unread in this literature, cannot find a better résumé of the whole subject than is here presented, together with much now published for the first time.

INTERMITTENT BENEVOLENCE.

BY REV. T. LESLIE WEAVER.

That the Church of Christ falls far below the New Testament standard of giving must be admitted by every Bible student. There has been not a little pious crowding over the benevolence of the great Methodist Church during the last ten years, but her monetary offerings have been much below the Bible rule with all the noise which has been made about it. In our century year we gave the liberal sum of nine million dollars for the erection of churches, the endowment of schools, and various other benevolent objects. This has been boasted of throughout the land, and to the uttermost parts of the earth. We ought rather to be ashamed that during the space of a hundred years only one such year can be cited.

According to the recognized standard of the Scriptures, our offerings that year were only about one-fourth of what they ought to be every year. There is too much intermittent benevolence among us, and not enough systematic Scriptural giving. In some quarters we hear much complaint about too many collections, and that the Methodists are always "begging" and "dunning." It has been said that two or three Methodists cannot get together without saying, as soon as they have shaken hands, "Bless the Lord!" and taking up a collection. If this is true, it is a fault in the right direction. Where there is a complaint about too many appeals for money, we suspect that it is rendered necessary by a want of systematic giving. If we would regard the Scriptural law of giving in our methods of benevolence, we might correct all these complaints. The remedy is not to give less, but to give regularly. Intermittent giving is damaging to the benefactor and the object of his benefactions. Regular and systematic giving keeps the heart of the giver always warm, and the treasury into which his offerings flow always full. Our missionary treasury would not find itself so often embarrassed with debt if our people were more systematic in presenting their missionary offerings to God. Every man who proposes to help on the kingdom of Christ with money, should systematize his methods of benevolence, and give so much per month or per week, and pay it promptly and regularly. God loves a prompt, as well as a cheerful giver. Better borrow and be in debt to a neighbor than to be in debt to God. Many men take the standard of their benevolence from others rather than from the Word of God. What another gives for the extension of the Gospel is no matter to you or me. The Bible is our standard. Some men never subscribe to any cause until all their neighbors have given, so as to go above or under them as the case may be. Brother Armstrong waits to see how much Brother Bennett is going to give before he contributes. If it so happens that Brother Armstrong has, during the week, made a poor investment, or he feels a little close just then, he will give a few pennies when he ought to give dollars. As a result, Brother Bennett says, "If that is all Brother Armstrong, who is worth double what I am, is going to give, I can only give half as much." That is because Brother Armstrong does a stingy, niggardly thing, and Brother Bennett feels at liberty to do a still more penurious, mean thing.

In this way the treasury of the Lord is robbed of much that it ought to receive. Every man ought to have his day-book posted so closely that on short notice he can strike the balance between profit and loss, and tell just how much he owes God according to the Bible rule. A Christian man cannot make the meanness of others an excuse for his neglect, nor discharge his conscience on the failures of his neighbors. When God settles his accounts with us, it will not avail to plead that we gauged our offerings by what our more wealthy neighbors gave. The question which God will ask us is, "Did you give according to the standard which I left for you?" Many men give simply for the sake of easing their minds. They steal from the poor all their lives, and just before they die, to buy off their consciences, they bequeath a thousand, or perhaps twenty thousand if they have stolen a great deal, to some college or theological seminary. This may buy off conscience, but it will not buy God.

Others give to make a reputation for benevolence. They give fifty thousand dollars for some worthy cause, that their names may be trumpeted in the newspapers and added to the list of the world's philanthropists. They give in such a public, ostentatious way that everybody's attention is attracted, and remarks about their liberality are freely made. They are strangers to the poor widow's modest way of giving. She gave, not expecting that the world would ever know it, and it never would

have been known if Jesus had not told of it. The Saviour published it because He wanted her example to be copied down to the end of time. The best and most profitable investments which are made in heavenly securities are those which are negotiated between us and God alone. Those offerings which bring us the richest blessings are dropped silently into the treasury when no eye but God's sees us. If a cause is specially pleaded in a sermon, and pushed up to their notice, some people will give something, otherwise they never think of it. Unless they were asked, they would never give anything for the missionary or any other benevolent cause. The true principle is to give whether others give or not, and to give whether we are solicited or not. Some men give to satisfy a popular clamor. They give for fear of being called penurious. It is what has been styled "buying one's self off from a reputation of meanness." Too many give from impulse rather than from principle. When a cause is eloquently presented, and touching stories told, tears are drawn from their eyes, and when the plates are passed, under the influence of a generous impulse, they empty their pockets; but when some cause as worthy as the other is presented, which does not chance to have a pathetic and eloquent advocacy, they do not give anything because their emotions are not stirred and their impulses are not aroused.

It is better for ourselves and the cause to which we contribute, that we give systematically and intelligently. As a Church we have fallen into the dangerous notion, that whenever we have any money to raise, we must have a "big time" over it. A professional beggar must be secured, the largest subscription must be secured first, the names of the donors heralded over the congregation for effect, and each offering received with shouts and amens; and when the aggregate has been rolled up, everybody hurrahs for the Methodists. Unless this practice is modified by a more healthy method of giving, lasting damage will result to the Church. Many dedication jubilees over an extinguished debt end in a long, dolorous chorus of embarrassment which cripples every enterprise of the Church, and causes it to wither under a burden which it ought never to have assumed. Under the impulse of a dedication fever, many well-meaning men are generous before they are just, and pledge money which ought to go to the discharge of a sacred obligation. We ask whether a great Church ought not to gauge its benevolence by a higher standard, and regulate it by a more Scriptural method. When the Church gives regularly, intelligently and Scripturally, an era of benevolence will dawn upon her in comparison with which her past offerings will be insignificant. May the time hasten when the wealthy will give as much for the spread of the Gospel as they now give to pamper their mortal bodies and spread lavish tables. Useless cake and sweetmeats enough go into the stomachs of the professors of religion to convert the world in a short time. Useless jewelry enough sparkles on the daughters of Methodism to save the lost races of mankind in a decade. Oh, for a thorough consecration of the wealth of the Church to God! Then will the world speedily be taken for Jesus.

NOTES FROM ACROSS THE SEA.

BY OCCASIONAL.

The Primitive Methodist body is the most democratic in its constitution of all the Methodist bodies. It has, albeit, made great progress. I say *albeit*, for much democracy in ecclesiastical matters has not been popular here. Laymen are, however, seeking and obtaining permission to speak and vote in ecclesiastical councils. It is not general for laymen to preside over ecclesiastical bodies, but such anomalies have occurred. Indeed, every year laymen are nominated for the chair of the Primitive Methodist Conference. This year a magistrate was nominated with two ministers. The Conference is now in session in New-Castle and Tyne. On the first ballot the layman had a majority, but the result of the second was the election of Rev. I. Dickinson by a majority of five over Mr. Charlton, the layman. Among the secretaries, five in number, although two are designated leaders, there are two titled gentlemen—one Mr. A. and one B. D. Both are of Scotch University origin, and are earned, not honorary. The B. D. is an Antislavery, an honorable and leading name in Primitive Methodism, his father and uncle being D. D.'s and ex-presidents of the Conference. One of these presented Mr. Dickinson, upon taking the chair, a copy of the Holy Scriptures as the insignia of his office. At the Wesleyan Conference the outgoing President always hands Wesley's Bible to his successor. Immediately after the induction of the President, he called the attention of the Conference to the services which Samuel Antislavery had rendered to the Connection by his official visit to all the mission stations of the body from which he has just returned. It appears that Dr. Antislavery traveled 50,000 miles at the cost of £495, 16s. 4d., towards which he has received from the colonies the sum of £329, 11s., thus performing the entire journey at the cost to the Missionary Society of only £166, 5s. 4d. He secured by lecturing and preaching the sum of £3,000 for various connexional purposes, and saved in the management of several colonial missions £260. It was the intention of the Conference to present him with a sum of money in consideration of these

services, but he declined receiving anything. It was decided to present a suitable address on parchment, gratefully recognizing his services. Dr. Antislavery is entitled to a prominent and leading position in Primitive Methodism. He is not as able nor as theologically learned and profound as his brother William; but neither of the two men would take a foremost place in the ministry and Conference of any of the other Methodist bodies. The Methodist New Connexion clergy are men of culture, and some of them eminent as scholars and authors. The only minister of Primitive Methodism who is favorably known and recognized by scholars of other bodies is the Rev. Mr. Bristow, who is the author of a most valuable theological and biblical library which is indispensable to the library of the student for the ministry. I do not know if the work has ever been published in the United States. If not it ought, for it is equal, and in some respects superior, to the Rev. John Farrar's work. Another minister excellent as a polemic and classical scholar is Rev. Philip Pagh. He was president of the Conference, and Connexional editor. He died a few years ago. The Rev. C. C. McKee is appointed Connexional editor to succeed the Rev. J. McPherson, who has held the office for four years. Mr. McKee has been thirty-five years in the ministry, and is an able and thoughtful preacher. He has rendered great and effective service to the Connexion. There has been a large increase in the membership of the denomination during the past year.

The General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church has just closed its sessions in Belfast. The Rev. John Menely was unanimously chosen moderator. The subject of instrumental music has produced animated and stormy debates in this able body for several years. The Assembly decided against the use of instrumental music in public worship. Several congregations disregarded the decision of the Assembly. The master of one of these was called to account, and he told the Assembly that he was not prepared to submit to any such decision. Each congregation should be allowed to use instrumental music or not. To interfere with its right in this respect is arbitrary. Another subject which produced much debate was the employment of special evangelists. The vote on this matter was almost equal. A majority of one was in favor of such agents. Some of the ministers expressed themselves very strongly against an agency which may be useful in exceptional cases, but which is decidedly opposed to the authority and efficiency which the regular ministry should always command. The Rev. A. Robinson, one of the ablest debaters of the Assembly, said that if the evangelists were even now appointed, he would know what they were going to preach before he would let one of them into the bounds of his Presbytery. He would rather take ten times the trouble himself than to have to undo the work that would have to be done for him. He saw no reason why there should be permanent evangelists appointed. He moved an amendment to this resolution which favored the appointment of evangelists, asking the Assembly to discharge the committee on evangelization, and instruct the ministers to evangelize as much as possible themselves by open air services and other work of an evangelizing character. Some leading ministers differed from Mr. Robinson.

The Protestant Churches of Ireland are troubled by the officious proselyting of illiterate Plymouth brethren, and the intermeddling and other movements of these men render it necessary that the ministers of the several denominations should exercise a vigilant chicanery about all men claiming to possess the qualifications and spirit of evangelists. It is well that caution and watchfulness should be exercised in this matter. Irish Presbyterianism is Calvinistic to the backbone, but the preaching of its ministers has changed greatly during the last two decades. Earnestness and unctious are general characteristics of the pulpits of the denomination now, and hence it is in a healthy and prosperous state. It is one of the chief agencies to which Ireland may look for its emancipation from the thralldom of the man of sin.

THAT VOTE.

BY REV. A. MCKEOWN, D. D.

The following word of explanation of the position of those in the late General Conference who voted against sending the absurd proposition to the Annual Conferences in regard to the formation of Presiding Elders' districts, was sent to *The Christian Advocate* for publication. It declines to publish it, claiming that it does so for fear we shall hurt ourselves before the public! Thanks for its kind guardianship! It seems to be the studied purpose of some to put the friends of reform in a false light on that measure.

They voted, instinctively, without consultation, 93 strong (of the 120 who had voted for the minority report), against sending such a proposition to the Annual Conferences, not because they did not want modification of the Presiding Eldership, but for, as we conceive, the following reasons:—

1. They did not wish to recognize a necessity (which they did not believe existed) of sending such a proposition around. They believed the General Conference had power to make the proposed change without a suspension of the third restrictive rule. They did not believe that giving the Annual Conferences power to determine the number of their Presiding Elder districts would "do away Episcopacy" or so change "the plan of our line-

rant General Superintendency" as to "destroy" it. They were unwilling to record it as their judgment that the General Conference, which delegates to the Bishops all the powers they possess, which creates and abolishes Annual Conferences at pleasure, could not do so small a thing as to order that the number of districts in an Annual Conference shall hereafter be determined by the Conference itself instead of by the Bishops.

2. The modification proposed is not the one they desired. It is not a proposition to give the Conferences power to determine the number of their districts, but is one which so absurdly restricts their action, as would, in most of the Conferences, leave them in a worse plight than they were before. This is the explanation why those who really desired no change, as their speeches testified, voted to send it around, and those who did desire a change that would give relief, voted not to. Both parties felt, doubtless, that the change proposed would be worse than nothing. The proposition to give the Annual Conferences permission to fix the number of the Presiding Elders' districts, is more than defeated by the measure submitted to them. It is a marvel of absurdity. They will know how to deal with it. We doubt if there is a single Conference in the Connection that will so far forget its self-respect as to give it the requisite three-fourths vote.

3. It was not for power to determine the number of their districts, but to elect their Presiding Elders that the most of the Conferences asked. There were, perhaps, two memorials and petitions in favor of the latter privilege being granted, to one for the former. But the General Conference entirely refused the latter request, for which the great majority asked, and sent forth a proposition in regard to the former, which no Conference can entertain and keep its self-respect—a course of procedure which, to say the least, was not very respectful to the great body of their petitioners, lay and clerical. They asked for bread, and the General Conference gave them a stone; they asked for a fish and got a serpent.

THE "DEVIL FISH."

What place in "nature does the horrible octopus fill? Recently a gentleman at Portland had an adventure with one of these creatures, well designated by Victor Hugo the "devil fish." The ugly monster, which seems the incarnation of strength and ferocity, actually advanced from the sea to attack him, and only retreated after being struck twice. The cuttle fish measured about eight feet from the extremities of the opposite arms, and was strong enough to drown the most powerful man if he were seized in the water by the indurated tentacles. If we can rely upon the account of an alleged traveler in Madagascar, of this revolting animal an analogue in the vegetable kingdom is to be found in the "devil-tree" of that island. The story about a European having seen a slave-girl enveloped by the enormous tendrils and leaves of that tree, and crushed flat, though improbable, is not wholly incredible, as so many of the lower forms of animal life are known to be mimicked by plants: yet it is a mystery which will probably never be solved, why Providence has suffered life to animate shapes so terrible as the octopus.—*The Spectator, Melbourne.*

Our Book Table.

Scribner, Welford & Armstrong have imported a special edition of THE HUMILIATION OF CHRIST: Its Physical, Ethical, and Official Aspects, by Alex. B. Bruce, D. D., Professor of Divinity in the Free Church College, Glasgow. Octavo, 500 pp. Price \$6.00. The volume embodies a series of lectures delivered upon the Cunningham Foundation (the sixth of the series), in which the various Christologies—Patriotic, Lutheran and Reformed, and Modern—are fairly and thoroughly discussed. Mr. Bushnell's scheme, as improved in his last edition, passes under a careful review. The whole sublime and vital subject involved in the nature, character, and offices of the Son of God, His incarnation, and the relation of the divine to the human nature in His humiliation, the import of His sufferings and temptation, the elements entering into the work of atonement, and the relation of this to the law of God—all these soteriological doctrines are clearly presented, in accordance with the most orthodox and conservative system. The various objections and opposing or modifying theories are fairly presented and candidly examined. These lectures are specially valuable as meeting the latest variations in the orthodox Christologies, and earnestly enforcing the Scriptural view of the Incarnation, mediation, and atoning sacrifice of the divine Son of God.

The Harpers continue to enrich their list of valuable travels. They have just issued a third edition, revised and enlarged, of Prof. James Orton's *ANDER AND THE AMAZON*. This interesting volume contains the notes of two scientific journeys across the continent of South America—the first from Guayaquil to Para, and the second from Para to Lima. The valuable scientific explorations are enlivened by personal incidents. The volume is fully illustrated by maps and numerous wood engravings. It gives a vivid idea of the immense, undeveloped resources of the Southern portion of our continent, and, as a route rarely traveled, has the charming novelty about it, as well as the intrinsic attraction of rare and wonderful scenery, of a prolific and beautiful flora, a strange fauna, and of peculiar Indian tribes, with singular customs and habits. The volume is both entertaining and instructive.

The same house has issued fine editions, uniform with their Students' Series, of COX'S GENERAL HISTORY OF GREECE, and MERIVALE'S GENERAL HISTORY OF ROME. The latter work Dr. Merivale has reduced himself into this compendious form from his fine seven-volume edition of the History of the Romans under the Empire, with additions embracing the whole history of the city and the people to whom it gave name. These

are fine volumes of about 700 pages each, and are sold for \$2.00.

One of the broadest and best-arranged systems of PROGRESSIVE ART STUDIES is that of White's, published in New York by Iverson, Blackman, Taylor & Co. There are studies in landscapes and watercolors, and in ornamental and instrumental drawing. There are six series, prepared with evident care, and adapted to the growing ability of well-instructed pupils. It meets the objection made to the narrowness of some other systems of art-drawing, and should be examined by educators and school trustees.

James R. Osgood & Co. have added to their series of Nathaniel Hawthorne's works the remaining fragments of THE DOLIVER ROMANCE, and other pieces, and FANSHAW, with five admirable biographical sketches. Everything that this delightful writer touched, even in the earlier days of his literary career, have a fascination about them, and are worthy of preservation. Readers will thank the publishers for these "remains."

Among the most able and freshest editorial papers of the *Christian Union* are those of Rev. George S. Merriam. He is an independent thinker, with every mark of conscientiousness and earnestness of Christian purpose about his contributions. They attracted special attention both for their power and fearlessness of expression, and for their almost constant deviation from Calvinistic and often orthodox formalities. A volume of these papers has been gathered and revised by the author, and published by Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

Is "ETERNAL" PUNISHMENT ENDLESS? By an Orthodox Minister of the Gospel, Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co. Small quarto, 106 pp. This volume is written in a spirit of entire reverence towards the revelation of the Holy Scriptures, and with fairness, and the appearance of earnest conscientiousness, together with no inconsiderable ability as to thought and scholarship. The conclusion the writer reaches is negative rather than positive—that the terms used to describe eternal punishment are not always used to express endlessness, but a moral condition rather than an extension of time. The book finds no ground in Scripture for the doctrine of Restoration, and nothing that positively forbids the possibility of endless punishment. The chief criticism we now make upon the book is the unintended, probably, moral effect of intimating that the author is, or rather was, ranked among the Orthodox ministry. It would have been more modest and more honest to have given the author's name, and thus permit the book to rest for its reputation as to the fruits of scholarship upon the exact reputation borne by its individual author. An experienced teacher of theology and exegesis will review the volume at length in our paper, hereafter.

From W. B. Keen, Cooke & Co., Chicago (for sale by Lee, Shepard & Co.), we have NEW ENGLAND LIFE: A Century of Gospel, by William G. Nash. This is a pleasantly written story, illustrating a stratum of New England society, some time ago. The conventional deacon, who is a white-washed Pharisee, is presented in the usual forbidding colors. We have never been so unfortunate as to meet such an one; probably some such character has existed, and an unlovely one it is; but the class, as a whole, must be an excellent one to be able to bear so much abuse, and still enjoy the love and respect of the best portion of the community. The story is well and naturally told, and carries the usual moral with it—be good, and you will be happy; do wrong, and be sure your sin will find you out.

The same house publishes a pleasant tale by one of our correspondents—Mrs. M. L. Rayne. It is entitled *ACADEMY FARE*, and is a story of modern times, illustrating some of the social problems of the day in a graphic way. The story, although quite romantic, is affirmed to be true. It teaches excellent lessons in an attractive way.

Lee & Shepard issue, in a handsome form, a volume of poems by George H. Calvert, bearing the title of the longest—*A NATION'S BURTH*. The verse is irregular, and of unequal merit. Portions of the poems show good descriptive power, and manifest much vigor and some poetic fire. It is a pleasant tract for the hour, singing patriotic strains as the eras of Centennial cast pass by us.

THE BELIEVER'S VICTORY OVER SATAN'S DEVICES, by Rev. L. P. Jones, D. D., New York: Nelson & Phillips. Boston: J. P. Magee. This is an excellent and vigorous literary manual for the saints who are earnestly working out their salvation, and struggling to enjoy the complete victory of grace. The latent and unconscious Calvinism of Prof. Parsons is disclosed in an interesting and kindly criticism by Dr. Whedon forming an introduction to the volume. The book will be a useful means of grace; it is full of personal illustrations, presenting, in a concrete form, the doctrines it sets forth.

The same house issues METHODISM AND THE CENTENNIAL OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE, by E. M. Wood, Ph. D. The first portion of the volume exhibits the loyalty of the Church in its origin, ministry, expressed acts, and labors in the great national reforms. The second part shows the liberal character of the Church in its polity, doctrines, and religious modes. The volume presents full statistics of the various Churches bearing the common name. It forms, altogether, a very handy and useful manual.

Rev. S. H. Platt, A. M., has prepared an excellent sketch of the life and correspondence of Mrs. Sarah Ames, published by her husband, Mr. Harris Ames, New Haven, Conn. It is entitled, very significantly, *WALKING WITH JESUS*, and gives an interesting picture of a holy and earnest Christian life.

D. Lathrop & Co. publish a pleasant little volume by a mother, who writes her name as Susan Cooper Pinder, entitled *THE WENTWORTHS: Their Home and Friends*. It is a family story of home and school hours. Vacation is passed upon familiar ground with many of our readers. The Vineyard, with its rare delights, affords the richest enjoyment, and the pleasant little volume closes with the usual story of love.

The National Temperance Society, New York, issue another of their excellent series of temperance tales—*FANNY PERCY'S KNIGHT-ERRAND*, by the author of "The Whole Armor." This "knight," at no little personal sacrifice, devoted himself to the blessed work of reforming men, and Fanny appreciated and loved the noble spirit which moved him. The volume is well written. J. P. Magee, Boston.

LITERARY NOTES.

Michael's posthumous works, which are to be edited by his widow very shortly, are understood to be in some parts reviews of Comtist philosophy.—It is stated that a proposition is under consideration for applying a portion (probably £100,000) of the surplus funds of the International Exhibition of 1881 to the promotion of science, and the establishment, at South Kensington, of a first class scientific library.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

The name of each subscriber is printed on the paper sent every week, and the date following the name indicates the year, month, and day to which it is paid. If this date does not correspond with payments made, the subscriber should notify the Publisher immediately.

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ZION'S
HERALD.

THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1876.

The Fourth in New England was almost a perfect day from its first to its last hour. It was in the midst of the heated term indeed, but it was cooled by a fine breeze. The bright moonlight gave the youngsters an early day, and they eagerly availed themselves of their opportunity. The old discordant notes which, in later years, have been somewhat abated, broke out with extraordinary vigor as the midnight closed up the century. The day, probably, was never so generally, or so impressively celebrated. The religious element was manifested—many Churches, in accordance with the President's proclamation holding appropriate exercises. The orations which have filled our newspapers for the past week are many of them, particularly able. Mr. Winthrop's, in Music Hall, Boston, in more respects than one, may be considered the supreme effort of his life. It is at once entertaining, as you read it, instructive and eloquent. His portrayal of the signers of the Declaration is especially graphic and admirable. Mr. Everett's oration in Philadelphia fully reaches the expectation that its announcement created, and that is its highest commendation. As an intellectual effort it is unsurpassed. Hon. Charles Francis Adams, and Rev. Dr. Storrs of Brooklyn delivered notable discourses. It was a day of genuine patriotic and fraternal emotions. Its influence can only be wholesome. The bitterness of the political canvass yielded for the time to the common and united cheers for the honored day, and thanks to the heavenly Father for a century of extraordinary social, civil and religious blessings. Would that its influence might pervade the party struggle of the coming fall!

Reviewing the sentiments expressed in the various Centennial orations, and remembering the character of the great public celebrations upon the memorable era we have just passed, we are especially struck with the constant, hearty and impressive reference made to the Providence of God in our national progress, to the influence of religion as a saving element in our history, and to the relation between reverence for divine truth and the perpetuity of all human governments. The Christian religion never had a stronger hold upon the respect and faith of our people than now! Its golden rule is authoritative as a teacher of conscience in the administration of public law; its institutions—the Sabbath, and monogamous marriage—its sanctuary services, and its inspired Book, are enshrined in the higher reason as well as the traditional reverence of the people of this land. It is for this reason that they are so sensitive to fraud, to demagogism, to the public desecration of the Sabbath, and to the ruin of their fellow-men by poisonous beverages. We begin nationally our second century with a better promise than we shall be, and remain, a Christian nation than we did the first. We were then receiving apostles of Deism from France, whose teachings were poisoning our leading minds; we are now sending evangelical ministers to every land in Europe. There is no antagonism between the highest human intellectual progress and the simplest and purest Christian faith. Indeed, the former only can be reached when united with the latter condition.

The sad event of the week has been the terrible fate which has befallen General Custer and his command in Montana territory. The awful massacre of the whole company, including two brothers and several relatives of the General—seventeen commissioned officers in all, occurred at Little Horn. A supporting force had not reached the scene of the attack in time. The General with more than his usual daring, and as it appears, against the instructions of Major General Terry, rushed upon a band of two or three thousand Indians, who had arranged an ambush, and his whole company were helplessly shot down, selling, indeed, their lives dearly, by the death of their foes. The whole community has been startled by the event. The young officers and soldiers are connected with families throughout the country, and the sudden and fatal event has awakened the deepest distress. Custer was a brilliant cavalry officer, brave almost to recklessness; honored by his achievements in the war, he was also quite capable with his pen, and has written a series of fine papers upon frontier army-life for the *Galaxy*. His command some years since administered very severe, and as some thought, unjustified punishment upon an

Indian village; but the retribution that has fallen upon him has been even more terrible. There is much anxiety now felt throughout the frontier States. The army has been greatly reduced; the Indians are exasperated, and a number of bodies of them have left their reservations. It looks as if a fresh Indian war might be imminent. The attempt to penetrate the Black Hills, the expedition to which was led by General Custer, has had its influence in awakening the present excited condition of things among the Indians. It is to be feared that the present bloody tragedy, will call upon the tribes a heavy vengeance, and entail much useless expenditure of treasure and loss of life. A righteous policy towards these abused races would be safest as well as most economical. There is no doubt now that these warlike bands must be destroyed, but their savage warfare has been provoked by insupportable wrongs received from civilized hands.

The friends of Prohibition gathered a large and eminently respectable delegated convention in this city, last week, to consider the expediency of presenting a separate nomination of State officers. It is not a matter of surprise that such a result has been reached. With one of the most important questions of the day at stake—the moral well-being of the State and of the succeeding generations of her citizens—and with the history for the last two years of the treatment of the question by the political parties fresh in their minds, it is not surprising that many of the earnest and conscientious friends of temperance despair of securing the legislative ordinances which they esteem to be vital, and the police aid that is requisite to execute the laws of the State, except by making a single political issue upon this reform. The remarkable movement which has swept like a tide over the State during the past year, has awakened somewhat the old enthusiasm in the cause of temperance, and will undoubtedly secure a great addition to the number of its voters.

There is not entire unanimity as to the expediency of the movement this year, or as to nominating a full ticket, or even of entirely giving up the effort to secure the co-operation of the Republican party. The ticket that has been nominated includes some of the present occupants of State offices, and has dropped others equally deserving, as men of prohibitory sentiments. This will tend somewhat to break up the harmony of action so much to be desired in such a movement. The nominees, however, are all excellent and able men, and, if elected, will administer the government with wisdom and vigor in the best interest of the citizens, and for the highest good of the Commonwealth. The admirable resolutions and address offered and read by Judge Pitman will be published in full in our temperance department next week. The following is the State ticket as nominated; the persons named have not yet formally accepted the suffrage of the party:—John I. Baker of Beverly for Governor, Rev. Dr. Eddy for Lieutenant Governor, Hon. Henry B. Peirce for Secretary of State, H. H. Faxon of Quincy for Treasurer, Julius L. Clarke of Newton for Auditor, and Hon. Thomas L. Wakefield of Dedham for Attorney General.

In the company of fine-looking young ladies and gentlemen graduating last week from the Newton High School, containing representatives of the best and highest social circles of the city, was a colored girl, whose personal appearance attracted no other attention in this circle of educated youths than would naturally be excited by handsome features, ladylike address, and a cultivated manner. Miss Hicks has always been popular in her class, and has ranked well in scholarship. When she closed the reading of her fine paper, which her musical voice, distinct utterance and modest and self-possessed manner, rendered especially acceptable to the large audience present at the exercises, one of the gentlemen of the class, as the representative of his fellow-graduates, presented her a very handsome bouquet.

The act entirely harmonized with the sentiment of all present, and was followed by hearty applause. The whole scene could hardly be paralleled in the country out of New England. It was a beautiful and Christian act, at once an honor to the recipient and to the donors.

We have attended no academic anniversary this season where better results, as to scholarship, intellectual development, and ease and naturalness of expression, have been obtained than in the High School of our beautiful city, which, although one of the oldest towns in the Commonwealth, was prophetically named New-town, and has never failed in its appearance to respond to the title.

It is quite evident that while the citizens of Boston, as a body, are in earnest to have the Old South meeting-house preserved, the present proprietors, who worship in a new sanctuary bearing the venerable title, would prefer to have its glorious old walls leveled to the earth. Its name, which they have given to another temple, would be embarrassing to them, and it would always be a kind of monumental rebuke to the society that yielded it to secular uses. Our only hope of its re-dedication to purposes at all in harmony with its original construction and its traditional fame, has been in the interposition of the city itself. If the wishes of our citizens could be obtained by the circulation of petitions, we doubt not nineteen out of twenty would ask the city government to purchase the ancient shrine of liberty as well as religion, and place the cost in the general levy. No one would then seriously feel the burden of its expense. It might be appropriately made a public hall for municipal gatherings. Its walls could be hung with Revolutionary pictures, and relics of colonial days and of the war of Independence might be placed on exhibition in portions of its ample spaces. It would

be better every way to have it under the care of the city, and such a contingency as the present would never occur again.

BEYOND THE FOURTH.

A wave of ancient patriotism rolled over the country last week. It came at an auspicious hour. No event could have been more propitious. It came as a healing balm to the terrible wounds received during the war. The old memories revived a common patriotism. Portions of the country that had not for many years celebrated the day with any enthusiasm, ran up the old flag with cheers once more, and saluted it with the harmonies of bells and the booming of heavy guns. There were not a few significant evidences that the estranged States had caught afresh the music of the Union and were keeping cheerful steps with it. A revived spirit of true fraternity would be one of the most auspicious omens for the opening political century.

We cannot avoid hopeful prophecies as we glance forward into the future. The Republic is stronger, every way, than in any previous period of its history. Of the chief evils that threatened its perpetuity—slavery and intemperance—one has been destroyed and the other amazingly curtailed in its spread. If the Christian Church is true to herself, without the slightest official recognition on the part of the State, she will become a saving leaven throughout the land. She will still make us a Christian nation, preserve the public school from being diverted into a sectarian propaganda, purify and inspire the public conscience, defend the sanctity of the Sabbath and the marriage covenant, renew the old virtue of downright honesty in commercial life, and bring down upon the land, by her hallowed services and ardent prayers, the benedictions of Almighty God.

Progress in the next hundred years will probably become the most noticeable in other provinces than the material world, as in the past. We do not, indeed, believe that invention is yet exhausted in the line of labor-saving machines, or of locomotion; there will be great discoveries, doubtless, made in machinery. Fuel and fire will be replaced by other substances or elements. Great facilities will be found for increasing the material comforts of man. Our houses, their architecture, warming, lighting, ventilation and furnishing, will be improved. Our private carriages as well as field ploughs may yet be drawn by engines, and be governed as easily and more safely than horses. Indeed there is no limit to the possibilities of the human mind, with its facile servant, the human hand, in this direction.

But the great progress of our country will not be in this direction. An hundred years hence, she will not respond to the world's art simply with her marvelous machinery and unequalled agricultural implements. She has about caught up with her necessities in this province of invention. She will now look around for other fields of triumph. The youth of the land are now receiving a broader and richer education. They are availing themselves of the best schools of the ancient empires, and the best trained of these scholars are becoming the teachers in our colleges and professional institutions. Noble ideas of education, its offices, opportunities, duties and responsibilities, are now taken. These carefully trained minds must have a field of development. A limited number will be drawn toward public offices. The scholar will inevitably, hereafter, be found in politics. We shall have thoroughly educated statesmen, who, when the present reaction against simply partisan politicians reaches its crisis and results, will be sought after to fill the responsible places in the government. Cultivated, Christian statesmen, like some of our representatives from our State, now in Congress, will soon produce a perceptible change in the character and conduct of our legislation.

But the great body of these well-trained minds will move out upon other lines. Physical sciences are not yet fully developed with the study of all their enthusiastic scholars. The fields of literature are wide open, and the representative names of our country in the world of letters may not yet have been enrolled. In the province of art we have as yet only coasted along the shores. There is an ocean beyond. In these directions our busy and thoughtful students, in years to come, will take possession, in the name of their fair country, of broad and still unexplored domains.

But better and wider work in the regions of morals and religion is to be accomplished. There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed. One great reform is now in a crisis of its history, and it will take years to secure its triumph; but if the world is ever redeemed, the curse of intemperance will be removed. Out into these white fields of human reform and charity God is calling, at this hour, fresh laborers, as never before, and woman, whose faith is as persistent as her enthusiasm is high and holy, is entering upon a brave and ceaseless crusade. She is also turning her eye towards the field of evangelical service at home and abroad. With her powerful reinforcement, the great moral movements of the day for the lifting up of man and his redemption from the curse of sin, will receive a powerful inspiration. The immense work of foreign missions has been wrought out in about half a century. When it began the world was sealed up against Christianity. Now every door is open, and the Bible speaks in over two hundred tongues. Who can stimate the advance, with God's blessing,

ing, that must take place during the century before us. Only let us not go down hence unless Thy presence go with us!

We drop the prophetic glass. We give God the glory and praise of the past. We humbly place our hand in His, for the future, and looking unto Him who is the Author and Finisher of our faith, we move fearlessly and hopefully forward under the cloud.

BISHOP CUMMINS ON WESLEY.

The address of the late Bishop Cummins, before our General Conference, is worthy of more attention than it has received. It was notably eloquent in style and spirit, and was much "applauded;" but it was more remarkable for its logic than its eloquence; and its logic is the more striking as it shows that the founder of the Reformed Episcopal Church has studied a class of evidences, respecting the opinions of the founder of Methodism, which have entirely escaped, heretofore, the attention of "Churchmen," namely, what Stevens calls the "negative evidence" of Wesley's opinions on questions characteristic of "High Churchmen." Stevens' History of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was the first work, we believe, to call attention to these evidences. The reader will find them in his analysis of the Articles of Religion, and the sacramental and ordination formulae which Wesley prepared, for the Anglican liturgy, for the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

It will be remembered that Wesley not only prepared our Discipline, but printed it, and sent an edition over the Atlantic, by Coke, for our adoption.

What Wesley omitted from the Anglican Articles and formulae, shows, perhaps, better than almost any other fact, the progress of his opinions; the brave manner in which he swung away from the remains of Popery, the "sacramentalism," which still lingered in the liturgy of the English Establishment. These "lag ends" of Popery have, in later years, become the worst plague of the Anglican Church, and also of the American Protestant Episcopal Church. All their "High Churchism," and "Ritualism," with the controversies which have since rendered these two Churches the most internally discordant in the Protestant world, have sprung from such documentary traces of Popery. It does indeed seem something like a divine Providence that Wesley, without anticipating these subsequent developments of "the Church," in England and America, eliminated their causes so completely from his documents sent over for American Methodism. What perverting influence they might have had on our Church had he strictly copied the Anglican standards! God has saved us from such a dangerous liability.

"Churchmen," in both America and England, have been persistent in asserting Wesley's "orthodoxy," according to their own standards. He was, as he says, educated a "High Churchman," but it is clear from these "negative evidences" that he became an Arminian "Low Churchman," of the best class. The old High Church party of England was thoroughly Arminian; Wesley remained such, but, in regard to prelate and sacramentalism, he became intensely Low Church, and this, too, while the Low Church party, revived spiritually through Methodism, remained Calvinistic.

Bishop Cummins alluded to the misapprehensions of Wesley by Churchmen of our day. "I remember," he said, "reading a most elaborate work, some years ago, bearing the title 'Wesley a High Churchman.' I remember hearing, a few years since, in Louisville, a sermon, the aim of which was to prove that Wesley was not only a High Churchman, but a Ritualist, and the preacher argued that the great 'Reformation,' the 'great Catholic revival,' at Oxford, in the nineteenth century, was but the complement, the supplement of the great revival, proceeding from Oxford, in the eighteenth century." Dr. Pusey, as Stevens shows, has taught these errors about Wesley, and Churchmen have almost continually repeated them on both sides of the ocean. There could not be a more egregious historical blunder. Wesley's little book, prepared for American Methodism, called "The Sunday Service for Methodists," conclusively settles this question by its eliminations. Bishop Cummins remarked that he "had been very much surprised, in taking up Wesley's Prayer-Book of Sunday Service for Methodists, after revising the Prayer Book, of the Protestant Episcopal Church for his own new Church, that his revision bore an exact likeness to Wesley's book; that Wesley had gone through the English Prayer Book and had expurgated everything favoring Hierarchy, Sacramentalism, Saints' Days, Absolution, Priesthood, Baptismal Regeneration, and Validity of Episcopal Orders, so that the Sunday Service for Methodists in the United States might be used in the Reformed Episcopal Church to-day, and half of our people would not know the difference." "His principles," continued the speaker, "are our principles; his polity is our polity; his spirit is our spirit; and we ask no higher honor than that this new Church should tread in the footsteps of Wesley" [Applause]. "His principles are on the same plane as ours. We have come out of the old Church because loyalty to Christ required it. We were compelled, in that Church, to obey a canon, which required us to deny the validity of the orders of every non-Episcopal clergyman in the land; to close our pulpits against you; to place a brand of disgrace upon you; to say you should not sit down at our communion table; and sooner than deny our brotherhood

in Christ we stand to-day free, though our freedom has been purchased at a great cost." [Applause.]

Bishop Cummins is historically correct in all these assertions of Wesley's opinions. He did believe in the "parity of the clergy;" he did deny that the Bishop was anything more than *primus inter pares*—the first among equals, a Presbyter among Presbyters; he did declare "I am as much an episcopos [Bishop] as any man in England;" he went even farther; he asserted that there was no particular form of Church government enjoined in Holy Scripture, and that, therefore, Church validity did not depend upon Church polity. He accepted Episcopacy (for us, in America) only because he believed it was best adapted for us as a working system. He did deny baptismal regeneration, by casting out of the English baptismal formula the phrases which imply that dangerous tenet; he did deny the similar doctrine, respecting the Eucharist, by similar eliminations. And these momentous facts should qualify all those ambiguous phrases which some of his early sermons contain, and which, uttered at a time when his opinions had not yet become definitely clear to himself, have led some critics to doubt him. For the changes we have mentioned, affording this conclusive negative evidence, were made in his last and best years. They show his final opinions.

THE DANUBIAN PROVINCES.

Dead men may tell no tales, but they frequently leave unwelcome legacies behind them to perplex those who have sped them on their way out of the world. Of this the late Sultan, who was deposed and a dead man in one short week, has been a most significant example.

It was supposed for awhile that this tragic deed would soon be forgotten; but not so! The terrible fate of the ruler of all the faithful has thrown a fire-brand into the whole European situation, and has, perhaps, entirely changed the Oriental question. It is now no longer a question of Bosnia and Herzegovina; indeed one scarcely speaks of them now; the arena of interest has been transferred to the great capitals of Europe—to Berlin, Paris, London, Vienna. The three empires of the continent—Germany, Russia and Austria—now stand in direct opposition to England and France, and the fact that the "memorandum" of the three Emperors in Berlin was rejected by England, proves the temper of the Powers in contrast to one another.

The great query for the future now is: How will they group in this new aspect of the Oriental question? Will the alliance of the three empires remain the basis of the European situation? As we see the matter, we believe they will hold their own, although a desperate effort will no doubt be made by the Western Powers to break their compact. The standing conflict between Russia and England will be favorable to this state of things, as well as the recent violent change of rulers in Turkey itself. The intention of the Western Powers is now quite evident. Their aim is nothing less than to take advantage of the present preponderant position of England to make a coalition that will include France and Italy, and thus gain force enough to induce Austria to abandon her alliance with Germany and Russia. This is a deep-laid game in diplomacy, and the inducement to play it is the recent denial of England to sanction the resolutions of the Berlin Conference.

On the ground of this position of England, it was possible in Paris to revive French interest in external politics with a view to break the influence of the Northern Powers. The French minister of foreign affairs seized with evident delight this opportunity to announce to French representatives abroad that the French government had by no means forgotten the Eastern question, and would continue to throw the weight of its influence into the diplomatic balance. In which way, he did not say, but he clearly meant a West-European alliance against the combination of Russia, Germany, and Austria. This reserve was not so much on account of Germany as of Russia, for the French have by no means given up the hope of regaining the friendship of Russia in coming conflicts.

The most interesting of these efforts to destroy the alliance is that which regards Austria, a policy which is started in London, and even nourished in Austria itself by a certain party opposed to the premier Andrássy. To this end an effort is made to revive old questions and antiquated antagonisms between these Powers. It is patent that the impression of the German military conquests, has, in a measure, died away, and that in a quiet manner the statesmen of Western Europe are trying, by the aid of supposed Russian aspirations in the East, to give new life to the policy of revenge for the brilliant victories of Germany on the battle-field and at diplomatic conferences.

As regards the conflict between Russia and England, it has certainly stepped into the foreground again by these violent revolutions in Turkey. It is now generally believed in Europe that this was hastened by the influence of England. The influence of Russia with the Porte is now certainly greatly weakened, while England seems to hasten to lend Turkey effectual aid. English vessels are hastening to the coasts of the Adriatic, and English arms are landed on the shores of Albania. Whether this support will be strong enough to be of any practical

use in the present violent uprising of Servia is doubtful, but it is certain that it will make Turkey an ally of England in sympathy, for her army and her treasury are now both too weak to make them of any importance.

This new outbreak of some of the provinces against Turkey will greatly complicate matters for the diplomats, and probably precipitate grave results. All the great Powers favor a temporizing policy, with a view to gain time to arrange the plans and to take advantage of contingencies when they arise. The position of the insurgents is very different in making, as they now threaten, a direct attack on the Turkish army, from an intestine conflict among themselves. If this matter is carried too far it may give to Russia the best pretext to hurry to the rescue of Turkey with a pretense of sustaining the *status quo*, with the real object of plausibly gaining a foothold for her troops before those of England in any force can be on the ground.

In a few days the Emperors of the three Powers are again to meet in conference at Ems on the Rhine, and that union may result in a new programme for the crisis. If they can make one that will meet the views of Turkey, it may change the whole situation, and so modify the state of things as to avoid the now seeming crisis; for it does not yet appear evident that either England or Russia is ready to push matters to the last extremity. One thing is clear: If Turkey allows this conflict to come to a direct collision between Russia and England, it will imperil the condition of all Europe.

Editorial Items.

We know the many friends of Prof. Prentice will have a melancholy satisfaction in learning the particulars of the frightful accident which occurred last week. Hundreds of friends in Boston, Newton, and other places, will respond to the last sentence in the letter. Nature and grace gave to an affectionate circle and to the Church a life and character of remarkable loveliness and saintliness in Mrs. Prentice. The stamp of immortality has been placed upon them in the hour of their highest development. The letter is a private one, and is written by a friend who is a physician.

Milbury, Mass., July 7, 1876.
Before this reaches you, the daily papers will doubtless have informed you of the death, and probably fatal, accident which happened to Prof. Prentice's wife to-day. I have at this hour (9 P. M.) just returned from her bedside, and may be able to give you a somewhat clearer account of the matter than the dailies will furnish. Bro. Prentice told me that himself and wife came to his father's house in Sutton yesterday for a brief visit, and that he was starting for a ride in the vicinity of his old home, and in consequence of changes in some familiar places, lost his way, so that upon inquiry, they found themselves near Furguray, as a spot of rugged, rocky wilderness is called, which attracts many curious observers of natural wonders. If you have ever visited the place, I do not need to describe it. If not, it may suffice to say that by some mighty convulsion of nature, the immense ledge of rock forming the hill where this curiosity is found, has been shattered and a deep crevice, strewn with fragments, extends far into its interior. The entrance to this cave is a narrow gorge between two precipitous cliffs, which appear as if they had been forcibly rent apart, presenting a perpendicular descent of at least seventy feet, entering a dark, cavernous opening.

It was here the accident occurred; for finding herself so near, Mrs. Prentice descended the cliff, and she would simply fall over the cliff. Bro. P. started to go down, and she rose to approach the edge, at which moment she fell. Bro. P. heard her cry, saw her danger, and rushed toward her, but was too far distant to prevent the fatal fall. Probably an untimely condition of her nervous system, directly to the effect produced by gazing down that steep descent of 70 feet, was the immediate occasion of the dreadful event. As soon as possible, he was by her side, and perceiving still some danger to her life, he hastened for help, and had her removed as soon as possible to his father's house, where she now lies, suffering intensely, and only occasionally conscious enough to recognize for a moment her husband, but not sufficiently so to allow any conversation. She appears to have struck directly upon her head. The scalp is lacerated by a cut extending two or three inches, and the vertex of the skull is fractured. It also appears probable that there is a fracture of the sternum, but this cannot be at present positively determined. It is, however, certain that she has sustained severe internal injuries, and that, in the hope of recovery is afforded by her condition, and it is probable that only a very few hours will complete her life. If you have known her, you will agree with me in saying that a most beautiful life closes with her death.

[As we go to press, a telegram reports Mrs. P.'s condition as much improved.—*ED. HERALD.*]

Of Fort Edward Institute, which has just held its twenty-second anniversary, for many years past under the efficient superintendency of one of our most vigorous as well as cultivated educators, Dr. J. E. King, the visiting committee, of which Dr. B. Hawley was chairman, says:—

"Fort Edward Institute has no superior, and few peers in the thoroughness and breadth of its work. From the beginning it has been well managed and well sustained. The Principal, who has for the most part supervised the entire field, entering early upon the dignified and responsible work of educating for practical usefulness all who would submit to his regimen and follow his advice, has not allowed himself to be diverted from his chief work. Under the impetus of an adaptation to, and love for his chosen employment, he has been able to infuse much of his own energy into his associates and pupils. Though in most things each academic year is a nature of every other, and every examination is *ad hoc*, yet in other things noticeable changes and improvements are obvious. The anniversary exercises which closed the twenty-second year of the institution did not fall below any of the preceding. The graduating classes are larger than formerly, numbering thirty pupils in all—eight in the commercial course, and twenty-two in the full course."

The general meeting of the Social Science Association will be held at Saratoga, Sept. 5-8. Addresses will be delivered by the president, David A. Wells, Gov. Tilden, Horace White, F. B. Sanborn, Edward Atkinson, Charles Nordhoff, Prof. Dwight, Dorman B. Eaton, and many other distinguished persons. Among the topics are: "Our Economic Possibilities," "The Industrial and Social Problems of Cotton Manufacturing in a New England City," "Wages," "The Industrial and Social Condition of the South," "Chinese Immigration to the Pacific States," "A National University," "The Civil Service Question," "Building Associations," "The Railroad Question in America," "Tenancy," "Dependent and Delinquent Children," "Statistics and Legislation," etc. Members of the Association will be admitted to the meetings, and will be accommodated at the United States Hotel at the reduced rate of three dollars per day.

The *Traveller* says: "The Senate committee sent to Mississippi to make inquiry into the truth of the accusations that the last election in that State was carried by intimidation and violence, has not yet made its report, but it has transpired that the committee found a condition of affairs most discreditable, not alone to that State, but to the whole country also. Senator McMillan, of Minnesota, who was elected as a conservative, was a member of the committee, and although he went to Mississippi doubting the truth of the tales of violence brought up to Washington, he returns convinced that the worst had not been told. Even Senator Bayard has been forced to admit that there is evidence that in many places the Republicans were not permitted to vote. He attempts to justify the violence by the claim that the State government was corrupt, and that the welfare of the State demanded the overthrow of the party in power by revolutionary means, if necessary."

The excellent Emperor of Germany thus addressed our President, by letter, on the late Centennial anniversary:—
Great and Good Friend: It has been vouchsafed to you to celebrate the Centennial festival of the day, upon which the great republic, over which you preside, entered the rank of independent nations. The purposes of its founders have by a wise application of the teachings of history, of the foundation of nations, and with insight into the distant future, been realized by a development without parallel. To congratulate you and the American people upon this occasion affords me so much the greater pleasure because, since the treaty of friendship which my ancestor Frederick the Great, King Frederick II., who now rests with God, was concluded with the United States, and the increasing importance of their mutual relations, and the American people upon this occasion affords me so much the greater pleasure because, since the treaty of friendship which my ancestor Frederick the Great, King Frederick II., who now rests with God, was concluded with the United States, and the increasing importance of their mutual relations, and the American people upon this occasion affords me so much the greater pleasure because, since the treaty of friendship which my ancestor Frederick the Great, King Frederick II., who now rests with God, was concluded with the United States, and the increasing importance of their mutual relations, and the American people upon this occasion affords me so much the greater 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The very general and enthusiastic celebration of the Fourth throughout the country promises to do much toward reviving a spirit of patriotism, by turning the attention of the people to the value of our free institutions and the sacrifices which they cost, and also by uniting in closer bonds the lately severed sections. The Mayor of Montgomery, Ala., sends to Gen. Hawley, President of the Centennial Commission, the cordial greeting of "the birthplace of the Confederate Government to all the people of the United States, with an earnest prayer for the perpetuation of concord throughout our land."

The *Churchman*, referring to the whimsical allusion to a brother-in-law of Carl Schurz as being "eloquent by marriage," intimates that too many are religious after the same fashion. They are not communicants themselves, but their wives belong to the Church, and so they are eloquent by marriage. Too many rest solely upon the piety of friends, and in the solemn moment when the voice of the bridegroom is heard with pitiful prayer, "give us of your oil, for our lamp has gone out."

The very existence of such a language as the Sanskrit was denied by the eminent Scotch metaphysician, Dugald Stewart, who died as late as 1828. Later, it was ascertained that India had a literature 3,000 years old, and the code of Menu and the Vedas are now familiar to all scholars, at least by name. The Sanskrit is usually considered to be a dead language, though the mastery to all the present Hindoo dialects. But, in fact, it is spoken fluently by learned men all over India, and the study of this venerable tongue is made compulsory on all students destined for the East Indian Civil Service.

The case of a young Sunday-school girl who successfully collected 1,000,000 old postage stamps to secure a life annuity from a gentleman of wealth in New York city, has attracted much attention. The offer, which was probably made in jest, has been faithfully carried out, and the necessary papers and securities have already been deposited in the Bank of North America to secure the promised annuity, and the young lady (whose family is in moderate circumstances) is amply provided for during the rest of her life.

Good news comes from Venezuela. Congress has unanimously decreed the separation of Church and State, and religious liberty is secured to all. The Catholic Church is to be reformed, and the work has begun in the suppression of all convents, and the devotion of their endowments to charitable purposes. Schools, in which the Bible is to be read, are established throughout the republic. The priests, of course, have violently opposed all these reforms and disobeyed the laws, and in consequence several of the most refractory have been banished or imprisoned. The Holy Father must be greatly afflicted by such willful disregard of his expressed will. The beauty of it is, that his anathemas fall harmless.

The late Secretary of the Treasury, in a recent speech, earnestly pleads for a reform in the Civil Service. He deprecates the present practice, inaugurated by the Democratic party, of members of Congress interfering with the executive in appointments to office. The President should be left free to exercise his Constitutional functions, and not be dictated to, and brow-beaten, and virtually robbed of his prerogative by partisans in another branch of the Government. The Republican Cincinnati Platform declares itself strongly against this crying evil, and is one of the greatest sources of corruption in the land.

No man has struggled harder to aid his unfortunate brethren who have fallen into intemperate habits, than Mr. D. Banks McKenzie. He has now a fine property, in the town of Needham, on his homestead, valued at \$12,000, on which there is an incumbrance of \$10,210. If this is removed, he can, with such resources as he can command, continue his benign work. He has had, in three years, nearly a thousand persons under his care. Our best citizens, like Gov. Rice and Mayor Cobb, endorse him. He deserves the aid he seeks.

Our venerable friend, Isaac Jennison, writes from Natick: "In 1839, Brother Nathan Paine and I first met, in Boston, our venerable Presiding Elder George Pickering, on our way to our circuit. What I wish to say to our several Presiding Elders is, that they not only urge the preachers to see that all collections to be made in the several circuits and stations during the year be attended to, which is all well enough, but to aid, what our venerable Presiding Elder, the sainted George Pickering, said to us, as we parted shaking hands, in his usual plain, pathetic manner, 'preach up Christ and preach down the devil.' I think if all our dear Presiding Elders will do this we shall soon see more of old-fashioned Methodism in New England. For thus pray and believe your old friend and brother."

To any of our readers proposing to visit summer watering places, we heartily commend, as a guide book, "Bachelier's Popular Resorts, and How to Reach Them." We sent a copy to an English friend who came to visit this country, and it became to him an inseparable and invaluable companion. All the principal points of interest in the country, with the best routes to them, are fully given and beautifully illustrated. For sale by the author, at the publishing house of Lee and Shepard, Franklin Street.

The Centennial Eagle, edited by several undergraduates of Boston and Harvard Universities, has been issued according to the announcement, some weeks since, in our paper; but it takes a much better appearance than we anticipated. It is a handsome quarto of twenty pages, well filled with interesting matter connected with the great Exposition. It is to be published weekly, for three months (12 copies), for \$1.50. O. S. Marden, 32 and 54 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, is manager. It is a deserving enterprise, and should be encouraged.

We read with the deepest sympathy for our greatly afflicted friend, the telegraphic dispatch from Worcester of Saturday. There is only one solace in such a sudden and terrible event. "To whom shall we go but unto Thee?"

"This morning as Professor Prentice of Wesleyan College, of Middletown, Conn., and wife were making a tour of 'Purgatory,' in Sutton, Mrs. Prentice slipped and fell over a precipice, striking on her head on the rocks, seventy feet below. Her skull and spine were terribly fractured by the fall, but at eight o'clock this evening she was still living. No hopes are entertained of her living till morning."

An exchange says, "The Rev. G. W. S. Porter of the Methodist Church, who was convicted by the last Conference of adultery committed at Danby, and deposed from the ministry, having appealed, has been cleared by Bishop Peck and a jury of clergymen."

by an almost unanimous vote. It was proved to the satisfaction of the appellate court, that the whole matter was a conspiracy to ruin the character of Mr. Porter."

The Turkish question is complicated by recent movements in Greece, the people of that country being possessed with the idea of national unity and desiring that all ancient Greece should form one kingdom or republic. It is well known that they were greatly dissatisfied with the enforced settlement of the war of independence, which restricted them to a small portion of the ancient Hellenic race. They now see an opportunity of reasserting their claim, and many of the inhabitants are preparing for an expected war.

The Mikado of Japan, a young man of progressive tendencies, is falling into line with his European brethren of the royalty. The most skillful goldsmiths of England, Messrs. Garrard, have made for him a magnificent silver-gilt dinner-service, consisting of a fountain to sprinkle perfumes, which is the centre-piece, candelabra, fruit-stands, candlesticks, ornate-dishes, sauce-boats, etc., all of them ornamented with the traditional emblems of Japan. The gilding alone cost more than \$10,000.

Hostilities are reported to have commenced between the Servians and the Turkish army as early as Monday, July 3d, in a despatch coming from Widdin, in which the Servians lost two thousand men. Successes, however, are reported on their part in other quarters. The Montenegrins are coming to their aid, and Egypt to the Sultan's. It looks now well-nigh impossible to keep the great Powers out of the strife. Austria is arming, and Russia has her eye upon the whole field.

The present Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Chandler, has prepared a statement of what proves to be gross irregularities in the investment of the Indian trust fund by officers of the government. The defalcation is \$2,376,466. Much of this was under the Democratic manipulation of Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior.

A correspondent writes: "Sometime since, Homer B. Sprague gave your readers the benefit of an article upon Greece, dividing the subject into three heads and treating of one only. Could he not be persuaded to write upon the other two topics? The first article was the most sensible and useful I have ever heard of; and I have read many works upon the subject." Mr. Sprague promises us the remaining papers.

The present French Minister of Public Instruction, M. Waddington, is closely connected with England, France, and America, his father having been an Englishman. His mother a French lady, and his wife, a lady of fine culture, and admirable womanly qualities, being a daughter of the late President King of Columbia College, in New York city. He is a Protestant, and a man of very enlightened views.

The Normal (Female) College of New York is an institution of which that city may well be proud. Of the 231 graduates at the recent Commencement all but 15 were awarded licenses to teach, these not having attained the required age of 17. In the Fall the college will open with 1500 students.

French engineers, assuming that the rate of Nile mud deposit is 5 inches in a hundred years, claimed an antiquity of 12,000 years for objects of art found in boring for wells at a depth of 70 feet. Unfortunately for the assumption, it was found that some of the fragments were not older than B. C. 300.

At the recent annual meeting at Syracuse, George W. Elliott, A. M., class '73, formerly assistant editor of the *Northern Christian Advocate*, and now of the *Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat and Chronicle*, was elected president of the Association.

We were sorry not to meet Dr. A. S. Payne, senior Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, upon his call at our office. He is making a short visit East, was looking well and is full of zeal and faith.

Our esteemed Dr. Nast has been making a short visit to the East. He has attended the meetings at Framingham. He is apparently in excellent health, and is good to the Church, with the divine blessing, for many years of invaluable literary and ministerial service.

We heartily concur in the following "personal" from the *Christian Advocate*: "Rev. Wm. F. Butler, formerly pastor of St. Mark's Methodist Episcopal Church, in this city, now pastor of our colored Church in Newark, N. J., has received the decree of Doctor of Divinity from Central Tennessee College—an honor worthily bestowed."

We read with pleasure the familiar title, *Newbury Seminary*, upon a catalogue for 1875. The old school, under Rev. S. E. Eastman, seems to enjoy good prosperity; quite a large attendance has been present during the past year.

THE VETERANS OF 1812.—At their annual meeting, July 4th, held in the hall of the Charitable Mechanic Association, at nine o'clock, A. M., sixteen answered to the call of the roll. In the absence of Hon. Charles Sumner, president of the Association, Colonel Henry Little, vice-president, presided.

The following persons were present, namely: Henry Little, 88; John Codman, 83; Daniel Basford, 89; Timothy Fletcher, 80; Martin Burkes, 88; John S. Brown, 79; Samuel H. Russell, 80; Daniel Simpson, 81; Elias Baldwin, 85; William Goodwin, 83; Isaac Baldwin, 81; William A. Parker, 81; Alvin Raymond, 77; William G. Davis, 80; John Field, 80; George Hooker, Jr., 82. The following deaths were reported since the last meeting in February last: Cornelius B. Morton, of Somerville, Captain Eben Child, of Farmington, Me., Lemuel Stevens, of Chelsea, and Artemas Jackson, of Watertown.

The following named officers were chosen for the ensuing year: Honorable Charles Hudson, president; Colonel Henry Little, vice president; John S. Brown, secretary and treasurer; executive committee, Dr. Jonathan Ware, Eliab Brown, William A. Barker, Alvin Raymond and Timothy Fletcher. The veterans were generously entertained by Messrs. John E. Banchoff & Co., in the building adjoining the hall.

MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.—The contents of the July number will be found to be of unusual interest; first, a cut with the likenesses of the twelve members composing the late annual meeting of the Bulgarian Mission; a conference and appointments of the Mission; The war—an example; A Phenomenon; Harvest-time in India; A visit in China, by V. C. Hart; "Only My Best"; From Italy; From Japan.—Editor's desk—mark these items.

—First annual meeting of the South Amer-

ican Mission: Naram Sing, a native India preacher, and Dr. Scott's Book; Missionary Items; Boys' and Girls' Department.

Messrs. Sampson, Davenport & Co., 155 Franklin Street, Boston, with their usual promptness and enterprise have now ready a revised Directory of the city of Boston, for the year commencing July 1st. No business house can afford to be without this very valuable volume. It contains a vast amount of information, which cannot fail to interest every person of intelligence. In addition to the names of the inhabitants, alphabetically arranged, it contains a Calendar, Street Directory, Blocks, Wharves, Ward Boundaries, Public Halls, Ward Rooms, Census-table of Boston, number of School Children, Population of the principal Cities, Public Institutions, Religious Societies, Banks, Insurance Companies and the different trades and manufactures, in alphabetical order. Also a register containing the names of the persons composing the City Government, and subordinate offices, and the various committees. The completeness of the work commends it to the favor of every citizen.

The wholesale liquor dealers of Boston held a mass meeting in John A. Andrew Hall last week, to consider the exigencies of their business. Some significant sentiments were expressed, to wit:—

"Prof. Goehritz addressed the meeting upon the license law, for which he thanked God, as it made the business as good and honorable as any other business, if properly conducted. It was enacted on account of the demoralizing and corrupting influence of the prohibition law, but this demoralizing influence had deepened into the license law, which was now used to keep the law. He spoke of the repeal of the prohibition law two years ago, as the 'redemption of the State from the curse of intemperance,' and petitioning the Mayor and the Commissioners, for an amelioration of the enforcement of the law."

A large 'agitator' committee was appointed to memorialize the city government against the License Commissioners, and to seek the abrogation of the only effective portion of the License Law.

The enterprise of the Old Colony Railroad Company in developing the capacities of Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket for untried summer resorts, is meeting with great and deserved success. No portion of New England can surpass the southern shore of Massachusetts for its picturesque scenery and genial atmosphere—qualities which are rapidly growing in public appreciation.

The twelfth annual exhibition of the Eaton Family School, at Norridgewick, was held last week. The prize for excellence in declamation was awarded to Harry A. Sanders, of Greenville, and the prize for reading, to Ida Taylor, of Norridgewick. A levee followed in the evening. The school is prospering.

The new room of the Reform Club at Park Hill, was dedicated Saturday evening, June 24th. The exercises were held in the court-house, and were highly interesting. The Club is prospering. Andover complains that the bears are making sad havoc among the sheep in that town.

The graduating exercises of the theological department of Bates College, Lewiston took place June 27th, in the Free Baptist Church. The attendance was large, and the exercises were of a highly interesting character. The graduating class numbered four members. The parts were well written, and delivered with emphasis and force, evincing thorough study and good drill in elocution. The invested funds of the college were \$23,875, floating debt \$8,292, leaving \$25,573 as the endowment fund. The income of the college has not been sufficient to meet the expenses by some four thousand dollars for the current year, and this sum has been added to the endowment debt. The trustees voted to pay the salary of the late Prof. Balkum for the full year, for which he served but six months, as a tribute to his memory.

At the late Commencement at Harvard College, six students of the University—collegiate, law, medical, theological, etc.—were represented, the College parts being reduced to six.

The Preachers' Meeting responded heartily to the noble stand taken by the Centennial Commission upon the Sabbath question, voting 30 to 1 to keep the gates closed. Our suggestion that attention be called in our pulpits next Sabbath to this encouraging fact, and that public thanks be rendered to Almighty God. Our New England Hawley and Loring deserve the gratitude of the Christian community for their brave defense of this vital institution.

GENERAL CONFERENCE PROCEEDINGS.

[Continued from 54 page.]

I hold, sir, there is no class of men on earth that are so well qualified to nominate to the Bishops the men who are best qualified to fill the office of Presiding Elder, and to meet the grave responsibilities that are imposed upon it, as the Annual Conferences, which ought to know more about the fitness of men for the office than any class of men can know. I hold that when we are shut up to this question (and we are shut up to it), the Presiding Elders must be chosen by the conference must. I say that two hundred men know more about it than half a dozen, many of whom are not superior, to say the least, either in judgment or piety to those whose interests are left in their hands.

The question is not one of taking the appointing power out of the hands of the Bishops, it is simply one of nominating who is the fittest man to be the adviser, not in law but in fact; for whatever the law may be, they are, in fact, the advisers of the Bishop. And if the report were to go further and make the Presiding Elders elective, it would not be unconstitutional. The whole of this question of Constitutionality depends upon the right of the Bishops to appoint all the preachers, and if you take away the right to appoint one man, you violate that right entirely. And have you not taken that right from him? Haven't you elected book agents and secretaries and editors, as stated by my eloquent friend from the New York East Conference, one out of every ten for salaried officers? Why, then, talk about taking away the right of the Bishops to make appointments, when you simply ask the privilege of indicating to him who is the fittest man to fill the office of Presiding Elder?

Notes from the Churches.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Somerville.—Broadway Methodist Episcopal Church is still favored of the Lord. The congregation has trebled in the past three months, and on Sunday last twenty-five united with the Church. Through grace and grit we shall become a power in the community.

Rev. A. B. Kendig's two lectures on the "Model Man" and "Model Woman" are indeed very fine. His originality and comprehensiveness of thought, his vividness and beauty of expression, his force and finish of delivery, place him among the acceptable lecturers of the day.

DUNCAN MCGREGOR.

Worcester.—Unusually interesting exercises were held at the Sabbath-school con-

cert and praise meeting at Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Sunday, July 2d, conducted by assistant superintendent, Ira G. Blake, and conference of singing, J. C. Maynard of Brooklyn, N. Y., being the principal speaker. The attendance at each of the three services was very large.

The present membership of the school is 435, a gain of 51 since January 1st; officers, 87; teachers, 39; scholars, 388; largest attendance, 302; smallest, 162; average, 264. The cash receipts during the past six months have been \$191.47.

Westfield.—We learn that the Westfield Church is enjoying prosperity. On the first Sabbath of July thirteen persons were received into full connection from probation. The whole number added since December is twenty-eight, all of whom are adults, a majority being heads of families.

MAINE.

Items.—A commemorative exhibition of drawings is to take place at Bowdoin College, to be open from July 1st to July 14th. Fine specimens will be shown of work executed in the engineering department of the institution.

Tristram N. Presson, one of the oldest inhabitants of Cheshireville, died June 23 aged 84 years. Mr. Presson was a soldier in the war of 1812, and received a pension from government.

The twelfth annual exhibition of the Eaton Family School, at Norridgewick, was held last week. The prize for excellence in declamation was awarded to Harry A. Sanders, of Greenville, and the prize for reading, to Ida Taylor, of Norridgewick. A levee followed in the evening. The school is prospering.

The new room of the Reform Club at Park Hill, was dedicated Saturday evening, June 24th. The exercises were held in the court-house, and were highly interesting. The Club is prospering. Andover complains that the bears are making sad havoc among the sheep in that town.

The graduating exercises of the theological department of Bates College, Lewiston took place June 27th, in the Free Baptist Church. The attendance was large, and the exercises were of a highly interesting character. The graduating class numbered four members. The parts were well written, and delivered with emphasis and force, evincing thorough study and good drill in elocution. The invested funds of the college were \$23,875, floating debt \$8,292, leaving \$25,573 as the endowment fund. The income of the college has not been sufficient to meet the expenses by some four thousand dollars for the current year, and this sum has been added to the endowment debt. The trustees voted to pay the salary of the late Prof. Balkum for the full year, for which he served but six months, as a tribute to his memory.

At the late Commencement at Harvard College, six students of the University—collegiate, law, medical, theological, etc.—were represented, the College parts being reduced to six.

The Preachers' Meeting responded heartily to the noble stand taken by the Centennial Commission upon the Sabbath question, voting 30 to 1 to keep the gates closed. Our suggestion that attention be called in our pulpits next Sabbath to this encouraging fact, and that public thanks be rendered to Almighty God. Our New England Hawley and Loring deserve the gratitude of the Christian community for their brave defense of this vital institution.

GENERAL CONFERENCE PROCEEDINGS.

[Continued from 54 page.]

I hold, sir, there is no class of men on earth that are so well qualified to nominate to the Bishops the men who are best qualified to fill the office of Presiding Elder, and to meet the grave responsibilities that are imposed upon it, as the Annual Conferences, which ought to know more about the fitness of men for the office than any class of men can know. I hold that when we are shut up to this question (and we are shut up to it), the Presiding Elders must be chosen by the conference must. I say that two hundred men know more about it than half a dozen, many of whom are not superior, to say the least, either in judgment or piety to those whose interests are left in their hands.

The question is not one of taking the appointing power out of the hands of the Bishops, it is simply one of nominating who is the fittest man to be the adviser, not in law but in fact; for whatever the law may be, they are, in fact, the advisers of the Bishop. And if the report were to go further and make the Presiding Elders elective, it would not be unconstitutional. The whole of this question of Constitutionality depends upon the right of the Bishops to appoint all the preachers, and if you take away the right to appoint one man, you violate that right entirely. And have you not taken that right from him? Haven't you elected book agents and secretaries and editors, as stated by my eloquent friend from the New York East Conference, one out of every ten for salaried officers? Why, then, talk about taking away the right of the Bishops to make appointments, when you simply ask the privilege of indicating to him who is the fittest man to fill the office of Presiding Elder?

Notes from the Churches.

MASSACHUSETTS.

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DUNCAN MCGREGOR.

Worcester.—Unusually interesting exercises were held at the Sabbath-school con-

Brother R. B. Dunn, esq., who had done so much for building and furnishing the same. We are pleased to learn that Brother R. B. Dunn, esq., of Waterville, is very dangerously sick with inflammation and enlargement of the liver. The reports of his physicians are encouraging, but his case is considered one of extreme danger.

EAST MAINE.

Dexter.—The new Conference year has a promising outlook for the Methodist Episcopal Church in Dexter. Rev. L. L. Ransom returns the second year, to the great satisfaction of Church and community. He is much beloved by all classes, and is a steady and willing worker in every good cause. Notwithstanding the "hard times" and general depression in business, this Church has raised nearly \$2,000 the past year, and is now free from debt of any kind. The Lord has prospered us in spiritual things also. Sunday, June 26th, Brother H. baptized twenty-three persons, nearly all of them in the prime of life, and of much promise of future usefulness to the cause of Christ. There were several more to follow soon, the fruits of the revival here last winter. A fact worthy of notice is, that of the above number there were seven men and their wives, who have found Christ recently. We are expecting still greater things this year.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Trustees of the East Maine Conference Seminary, and their publication requested:

Resolved, That the trustees hereby extend to him this token of respect and of their high appreciation of his services.

The Board passed also the following:—

Resolved, 1. That in the recent mysterious death of Hon. Wm. McGilvery, president of this board of trustees, the East Maine Conference Seminary has sustained the loss of a fast friend and a firm supporter.

2. That, while we feel deeply and lament earnestly our loss, we express our warmest sympathy with the doubly afflicted family of our deceased co-laborer and liberal patron.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted by the secretary to Mrs. McGilvery, and to Zion's Herald for publication.

CHAS. A. PLUMER, Secretary of Board of Trustees.

RHODE ISLAND.

The announcement of the election of Captain M. L. Eldridge to the superintendency of the Reform School in Providence, gives great pleasure to those who know him. One does not often see a better specimen of the Christian gentleman than Captain Eldridge, and, as a laborer for the young, whether in Sunday day, or reform school, he has few equals. He will have a warm welcome to Providence.

Rev. H. B. Cadby, of Passacony, who by hard work earned a vacation before he takes it, was voted one by his society. He improved the opportunity to visit the West, and, after several weeks' absence, has returned to his charge in excellent health.

Providence has a few Chinese, principally engaged in the laundry business. It remained to be seen whether the Christians of the city, by believing and sending missionaries to China, would undertake the conversion of the Chinese in America.

The Mathewson Street Church has settled the matter by praiseworthy efforts to bring the Celestials into the Sunday-school. Some success has attended the endeavor, and their presence in the school is a pleasant sight. The young men of the Church are zealous in their efforts to benefit these forlorn strangers.

Rev. A. B. Wheeler, formerly of the Providence Conference, has taken up his abode in Providence.

Rev. A. W. Kingsley began his labors at Hope Street under most encouraging auspices, making a very favorable impression on the congregation. He was soon prostrated by severe sickness, but rallied. He was so feeble, however, that his people volunteered a vacation of the Methodist Episcopal Church, baptized eight or nine, some by immersion, and some by sprinkling. Quite a large number have been received into the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the work goes on.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Gleanings.—In Chichester, Rev. A. R. Lunt, Methodist pastor, administered baptism, July 9, to some fifteen candidates.

The Commencement exercises of the Waterville Classical School took place June 25th. Eleven young ladies graduated from the collegiate course, and thirty-two gentlemen and one lady from the preparatory course, the most of whom will enter Colby University. The Junior prizes for declamation were awarded, first, to J. O. P. Wheelwright, of Paris, Me., second, to Edgar Perry, of Hanover, Mass. First prize in composition was awarded to Miss Berge E. Norvell, of Waterville; second to Doris S. Brown, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The exercises were of marked interest, conferring honor on teachers and pupils. A concert in the evening by the Philharmonic Club of Boston, assisted by Miss Flora E. Barry, concluded the exercises of the anniversary.

Rev. Charles Munger, pastor of the Methodist Church in Farmington, assisted by Rev. E. T. Adams, of Augusta, baptized 59 persons June 25th. These are fruits of the recent revival. Rev. O. W. Rogers was ordained pastor of the Congregational Church in Farmington, June 21st.

Mrs. Judith Morrill, of Cornville, celebrated her 91st birthday June 21st. She is very active for one of her years.

Dr. Israel Putnam, of Bath, died June 30th, aged 71 years. Dr. Putnam had long been one of the leading physicians of the State, and a man of eminent character and marked ability. For several years he was mayor of Bath, and had filled other positions of honor and responsibility. He was universally respected.

The graduating exercises of the Western State Normal School at Farmington, took place June 29th. The examination was highly satisfactory, and the whole exercise deeply interesting. Fourteen graduates received diplomas. An address for the occasion was delivered by President Chamberlain, of Bowdoin College. Mr. Charles Rounds, principal of the school, is a very popular teacher.

A rumsseller at Augusta assaulted a young man who had signed a complaint against him a few days ago, handling him rather severely. It is to be hoped that he will get a smart addition to his fine, for this brutal and dastardly act.

The Methodist church building in Waterville has been made free by its new holders. The trustees now open the church, and say to rich and poor, come in and worship God and hear the Gospel of His salvation. This was a very generous act upon the part of the proprietors of the Church, especially of

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pecially in their aesthetic features, were the most pleasant we ever attended. The chapel was beautifully decorated. Festoons of evergreen were tastefully arranged over the rostrum, and in the front, at the center, was an arch bearing the class motto, "Nul-la estigia retrograsum," while pendant beneath was a wreath containing the significant '76, indicating the class year. The bouquets and display of growing flowers and plants were very fine reflecting great credit on the taste of those who had the work of decoration in charge. The rhetorical exercises were highly creditable to all participating in them. Mr. Leo C. Haskell, Medford, Mass., was the salutatorian, and Miss Libbie M. Jones, of Montgomery, Vt., the valedictorian.

We thank the Art Department has done the best work the past year even known in the history of the school; and the department of music is in most competent hands. We furnish the best of instruction on the church organ, as well as on piano and cabinet organ, and thorough drill in vocalization. If we knew of a better school anywhere where we should advise our friends to patronize it; but believing ours to be as good as the best, we strongly urge all who desire a thorough elementary training to make their arrangements to secure the advantages of our seminary at Montpelier.

The agent, Brother Noah Granger, is succeeding finely in raising the endowment. When this is complete we shall "jack nothing." "Isn't that splendid!" was the expression of three or four in your correspondence's family, the other day, when a pair of fine strawberries as we ever saw were left at our house, being the thoughtful and generous gift of Brother Granger, the seminary agent, from his own garden.

Brother D. Dorchester, Jr., finds himself pleasantly situated at Springfield, with plenty of work. The congregations are full, the seats all being taken and more wanted. The social meetings are interesting.

Richford is gathering up the fruit of its late revival. A union baptismal service was held last Sunday, the Baptists and Methodists participating. The Baptist pastor immersed six or seven, when Brother Bushnell, a former pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, baptized eight or nine, some by immersion, and some by sprinkling. Quite a large number have been received into the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the work goes on.

Item.—At the annual Commencement of Cornell College last week, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred upon Rev. J. C. W. Cox, of Burlington, Iowa, formerly of Vermont Conference.

The Fourth in New York.

The American people have been accused of lack of enthusiasm. Frequently, when on the other side of the water, they would decorate some banquet hall with American flags, eat a good dinner, make a few speeches, and celebrate the national holidays, which they would never have taken the trouble to do at home. Fourth of July has been a day that we ran away from, if possible, or, if we could not run away, endured as best we might, and were heartily glad when it was over.

But this Centennial year has seemed to rouse us all out of this apathy to a consciousness of the full significance of American freedom—to a sense of the glory of the inheritance we have enjoyed. If the demonstration in other cities was as hearty as earnest, an expression of the feeling of the multitude, as here, then we have felt very thoroughly the nation's pulse, and found it throbbing with an exultant life.

We began on the evening of the third; indeed, long before, for the third was a holiday, given over to decoration of the houses with bunting, and preparing for the illuminations of the night. The restless people began to fill the streets and squares by sunset, and by nine o'clock it was difficult for carriages or street-cars to proceed on their way. Stands had been erected in Madison Square, from which the Mayor was to review the procession, and another, covered with red cloth, was erected in Union Square for the German singing societies who were to have a prominent part in the celebration of the night. The torch-light procession of twenty-five thousand men swept through the streets in the prescribed line of march, with the torches flaring, and an enthusiastic multitude on the roofs and balconies cheering them on. Before midnight, the line of march was finished, and they stood in the centre of Union Square, under a canopy of fire made by their torches, while the multitude on the outskirts, crowding every inch of space on the walks, overflowed in a black stream that extended a long distance down every street. Every window displayed all the faces that could be crowded one behind another; the housewives, too, were covered with eager spectators, and on all this throng burst the light of the countless rockets, the glare of the various colored lights, that made the whole scene now red, now white, now blue or golden. Upon their ears broke the chime of countless bells, the music of the bands, the hun-

[Continued on 5th page.]

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Third Quarter.
Sunday, July 23.
Lesson IV. 1 Kings viii, 5-21.

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

THE TEMPLE DEDICATED.

The foundations of the temple were laid in the second month of the fourth year of Solomon's reign; and in the eighth month of the eleventh year the sacred building was completed. In about seven years and a half the great work was accomplished—the first house of God stood radiant and solid upon Mount Moriah, in the city of the Great King. All that remained now to be done was to set it apart as the dwelling-place of Jehovah and the religious home of the Jewish nation. This act of dedication did not take place until eleven months after the completion of the edifice. This delay was no doubt made because the next year was a year of jubilee, and the people would be comparatively free to devote themselves to a great festival, and assemble at Jerusalem. The time chosen was very appropriate—just before the feast of tabernacles. The feast which commemorated the dwelling of the children of Israel in booths, as well as the building of the tabernacle, fitly introduced the consecration of the enduring temple which was to supersede all transient forms. When the time of inauguration came, the chiefs of the nation were assembled, a great procession formed, and slowly and solemnly it moved towards the temple, while priests made innumerable sacrifices at various points which the immense train, headed by the king, would pass.

Into the structure of the temple had entered the choicest products of the earth. Mountains and mines had rendered up their best treasures; the forests had contributed their finest wood; rich veins of silver and gold had poured into this sanctuary abundant streams of wealth to adorn its walls; but a higher glory was yet to adorn the temple, when, as it should be given to God in consecration, His presence would fill it.

Solomon and all the congregation . . . were with him before the ark. The ark, which had so long been the sign of God's presence and favor, was now to be deposited in the temple and rest from its wanderings. Before the ark the sacrifices were performed—a great host of sheep and oxen; and the king presided over the ceremonies.

And the priests brought in the ark . . . to the most holy place. The priests performed what was strictly the work of the Levites, since this was the last time the ark was to be carried. The innermost apartment of the temple, under the wings of the cherubim, was the spot for it to rest.

The temple, though richly beautified, without the ark, was like a body without a soul, or a candlestick without a candle, or a house without an inhabitant (Henry).

Under the wings of the cherubim. This was the sheltered place which the ark of the testimony was to occupy. Under the spreading wings which symbolized God's attributes of infinite power and wisdom, was a fitting place.

They drew out the staves. These were the handles or wooden bars by which the ark was carried. It is supposed that they were drawn out part way from the rings, projecting thus into the area of the "holy place," that the high priest who entered into the Holy of Holies once a year to officiate before the ark, might be able to find it in the darkness; for the wings of the cherubim threw deep shadows upon the spot where the ark was.

Until this day—until the time when the book of Kings was written. This proves that this book was written before the destruction of the first temple, B. C. 586. What the exact date is cannot be determined.

Nothing in the ark save the two tables of stone. The pot of manna and Aaron's rod that budded were not kept in the ark, but by it. The tables of stone contained the moral law upon which the Jewish religion rested. The foundations of their national faith were thus put into the holy citadel, a place of almost unapproachable sanctity. That law came from God in the mount; to keep it, not only in the little chest on tables of stone, but written upon the fleshy table of the nation's heart, was the condition of the nation's prosperity. The reverence paid to the two tables, was a sign of the homage that was felt for God's moral government.

The cloud filled the house of the Lord. When the priests had put the ark in its resting-place, a visible manifestation of God's presence appeared. In the long march of their forefathers out of the land of bondage, they became familiar with "the cloud" as a token of God's guiding presence. Here again, in contrast with that former condition of national life, when the Jews were making permanent their religious system by the substantial structure of the temple, the same sign is visible within its sacred walls, to assure them that the God of the march was also the God under whose blessing the nation was established. The cloud was probably a thick fold which served to veil the dazzling glory of God's more immediate presence; for no man can see Him and live.

The glory of the Lord had filled the house of the Lord. God had really entered the house which had been built to His glory, and what the king and the priests saw was an assurance that Jehovah was pleased with the offering.

The Lord said that he would dwell in the thick darkness. So had he revealed Himself in the past. There was always a veiling of His glory. This is true of His manifestations to men in general. We sometimes hear His voice, and learn

by subtle language His will, but always feel that the mystery of His being encompasses Him like "thick darkness." I have surely built thee a house, etc. Solomon recognized God's presence in the cloud, and these words are addressed to Him. As the temple was a permanent structure, so the king hailed the presence of God as its permanent, divine guest.

The king turned his face about, etc. He had been watching the divine manifestation within the temple; but now he turns to the multitudes which stood around and blessed them, lifting up a prayer of thanksgiving to God for His fulfillments of promise.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel—an ascription of praise to Him by whose blessing the temple had been built. The promise had been made to his father, David, that although he was a man of war, and could not have the honor of building the house of God, yet his son and successor upon the throne should do the work.

I chose no city out of all the tribes. God's time had not come, until the national safety had been secured by the successful reign of the warrior-king. From the time of the exodus until Solomon, there was no period in which the temple could have been built. Its magnificent adornment required just the wealth which had poured into the royal treasury from the conquests of enemies. The material prosperity of nations depends upon providential ruling.

Thou didst well that it was in thine heart. Thus God spoke to David in reference to his desire to build the temple. God had other work for him. His province was the battle-field. The work of his reign was to make peace for Israel by conquering her enemies. Yet, God commended him for having a desire to promote the religious welfare of the kingdom. It is well that our desires and purposes be worthy, even though we find it impossible always to fulfill them. It is not possible to do all the good things that our hearts may suggest; but if Providence hedges up the way in some directions, He will, nevertheless, commend us for our good intentions, as He did David.

He shall build the house unto My name. The son was to enter into the purposes of the father, and do the work. God works out His plans through generations and ages. Men grow impatient and fret because events transpire so slowly. But God knows best. He understands what is right for every century. His work goes on though the workman dies.

I am risen up, etc. This is not said in a boastful spirit. He has quoted the promise of God to David, and now indicates that he himself is honored as that son who, by divine appointment, was to do a providential work. He feels a devout satisfaction in contemplating the finished temple. And it is all because "the Lord hath performed His word that He spake."

I have set there a place for the ark. The temple was not so new and brilliant a feature in the capital that the sacred things of the past religious system of the Israelites were forgotten or thrust aside. But the most holy place in the new edifice was built purposely for the time-honored ark. The chief glory of the costly sanctuary came only as the covenant rested beneath the wings of the cherubim.

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, July 23.

- 1 From what place was the ark to be taken?
- 2 Does the great procession formed for this occasion remind us of the removal of the ark by David?
- 3 Describe the position of the ark in the temple?
- 4 Why were the staves drawn out?
- 5 What was in the ark?
- 6 What was probably the appearance of "the cloud," and what was its meaning?
- 7 What was the import of Solomon's address to the people?

The Family.

SHAM AND PRETENSE.

BY MRS. C. F. WILDER.

"I wish, Aaron, that you would purchase a carriage like Mrs. Burbank's. Her husband bought it for her birthday present, and it only cost three hundred and fifty dollars. This old thing looks so shabby that when I meet Mrs. Burbank, or Mrs. Barton, or any of the ladies with whom I associate, I am exceedingly mortified," and Mrs. Weist looked at the top and sides of the carriage in which they were riding with something like scorn in her pretty face.

"A new carriage, eh? Why I hadn't thought but this was good for five or six years yet," replied her husband. "A new carriage because somebody else has one, eh, Elinor?"

"That is just like you, Aaron, to commence to poke among my motives. Why don't you say that I can have one?"

"Why, I couldn't say yes to anything that would take that amount of money just now without stopping to think over the matter," and Mr. Weist looked around the carriage as his wife had done, but with a different result. "To tell you the truth, Elinor, if I could afford five hundred dollars for such a purpose just now, I should be loath to part with this old friend. We have taken a great deal of comfort in this carriage, and it really looks quite respectable. Besides, Elinor, a new one would be quite out of the question during these hard times," and Mr. Weist touched the horse with the whip, and for a few minutes they rode in silence.

At last they reached the summit of the hill. The evening sunshine glimmered through the green of the trees, and stole through the boughs down to the grass, throwing the shadows and the bits of golden light with a lavish hand. The gray rocks, on an eastern hill, left bare by the washing of the waves ages ago, were flooded with the beauty of the evening light. But Mrs. Weist did not see this picture hung before her, nor hear the sweet night sounds—the hushing of the wind, the eradic song of the birds, the sleepy monotone of the insects—or in any way show that she was touched by the tender charm of the sunset time. Her mental vision was filled with the desire of her heart, and her ears deaf to any tone but the last words of her husband, to which she at length replied by quoting his words:

"Hard times!" I do believe a woman never asked for a new thing in the world that her husband did not plead 'hard times.' I am sure your business is much better than Mr. Burbank's, and yet we don't begin to live in their style. Mrs. Burbank keeps two servants and a seamstress, and Mrs. Barton has three servants, and she has had two new silks since I had mine. Last winter she newly furnished her parlors, and had new carpets for her chambers, and now they have a new carriage. I do think, Aaron, as economical as I am, I might have some wishes gratified. Say, dear, can't you let me have a carriage?"

"I do think she would carry a jury of eleven, but not of twelve if her husband was the twelfth," and Mr. Weist looked at his wife and smiled.

"I believe you do equal the most contrary juryman that ever lived," replied his wife a little sharply, for she foresaw her hopes and plans of the last few weeks dashed to the ground by her husband's indifference to the matter; but her courage was equal to a more important case, and she added, coaxingly, "You said something about spending five hundred; now I'd be perfectly satisfied with a three hundred and fifty dollar carriage, and I don't know but that I would with one for three hundred, so there are two hundred you need not spend."

"Doesn't the little wife see that if she has a carriage of that style she must have a new gold-mounted harness so that things will match? Then, this horse is not quite gay enough for such a harness; the barn and carriage-house would have to be altered for a new carriage and horse, and if that was painted up the house would look dingy; if the outside of the house was renovated the inside would have to be, and it would end with new carpets and furniture, and all that sort of thing. I've been there before, my lady, and a man is always the one to blame if he gets caught twice in the same trap. Now for the other side. We have a good family carriage and good horses; when you and I want our little cozy ride all by ourselves, we want it whenever I am at leisure, and sometimes it rains, sometimes it is muddy, and sometimes the sun is very hot; now if we had a new carriage we should not like to soil it, or crack the paint, and we should miss many pleasant times. I'll grant that for your own use I should be happy to get you a new carriage, but, Elinor, when I tell you that I ought not to purchase it, your good sense will see the necessity of making the best of it."

Mrs. Weist sat silent again for a few minutes. She was one of those women who deliberately decide upon a matter, and it seemed almost an impossibility to give up her cherished plans. She saw the reasonableness of what her husband said, but she thought, too, of what Mrs. Burbank had said only the day before as they fastened their horses to the posts in front of the home of a mutual acquaintance: "My dear Mrs. Weist, you ought to have a birthday. Just see what a beautiful present my husband made me on my last birthday! I declare, I never took so much pleasure before in all my life as I have with my new carriage." And a remark from Mrs. Burbank made came also to her mind, and she felt quite miserable and unhappy. She wished she had no fashionable friends, and that she was not so foolish as to care what they said; and wondered if there were any place on earth where a person could do just as they pleased, and yet be liked and respected for just what they were, and not for their house, their furniture, their clothes, or their surroundings. Her husband saw by her countenance the conflict going on in her mind, and he at last said good-naturedly, "Speak, and let the worst be known."

She laughed in spite of her vexation, but she said, "It does seem strange to me how others get on so much faster than we do. It is only a few years since Mr. Burbank couldn't afford his wife a new silk dress, and she only kept one servant, and they had no carriage at all; and it is just so with the Bartons and the Franklins. What you paid on that church debt would have bought me a splendid carriage and harness, and ever so much besides. I do think we are not required."

"Elinor!" said Mr. Weist, quickly. But he only spoke her name. He knew that if left to herself, her own conscience would accuse her more keenly than would any words of his.

Slowly, but surely, came the change in Elinor's heart. She saw the firm, consistent principle that ruled her husband's life; she saw herself always flying off on some tangent. She thought of the many comforts and luxuries with which she was surrounded, and she realized how foolish was her desire to sacrifice one moment's comfort for the mere happiness for the sake of a flattering notice or remark from some fashionable acquaintance for whom, in

her heart, she entertained but little real respect. And the noble and pure impulses which come so often to every woman's heart, crushed down the selfishness which had been reigning and ruling over her for the weeks past.

"The wave of meanness has gone over me, Aaron, and I am not washed away," and she looked up with a smile so frank that her husband saw that every trace of unpleasantness had vanished. "You don't know, however, how much I did want a carriage, but I seem to be somebody else now. I care so little for one. You shall not laugh at me, but I wanted it so that I actually prayed about it, and I was sure God would answer my prayer."

"He has," said her husband, quietly. "He took away your desire for a selfish thing, and has given you new purposes and aims, and thought that was not what you expected, yet it was a grand answer."

Through the gathering twilight they rode in silence, each heart filled with loving thoughts of the other, and each anxious that the future should find them more willing to do what was right and true, regardless of the frowns or nods of the world around them.

As they passed the homes of the acquaintances of whom they had been speaking, Mr. Weist said, "Would it help you to hear your disappointment any better if I should tell you that Messrs. Burbank and Barton are both so involved in debt that unless they receive speedy help they must go under?" Mrs. Weist knew that her husband would not have told her this except for her good, and she pondered the subject, not only that evening but for days; and she decided that for all time to come she would be a true, independent woman in regard to all these things which so often in society are mere sham and pretense.

THE STRANGER'S WELCOME.

BY REV. CHARLES WHEELER DENNIS.

How sweet, when our life is all burdened with care,
When the heart is all lonely and sad,
The welcome of home with a Christian to share,
And in its delights to be glad!

The storms of the world may be raging around,
Nor sunlight nor starlight appear;
A light from the skies in this house shall abound,
And dwell in soft radiance here.

A stranger sits down at the fireside and board;
He sinks on a pillow of rest;
Provided and led by the hand of the Lord,
Beloved on our Saviour's breast.

He sings the dear songs that our family sings;
He kneels by our side when we pray;
His cares and his griefs take on pitiful wings,
And fly from his spirit away.

Oh, heaven! place of the welcome home!
Here peace and contentment abide;
The stranger an angel from Jesus shall come,
At morning and evening-tide.

When from homes on the earth to our homes in the skies
The welcome of Christ we shall share,
We shall find at His feast, with delight and surprise,
That the stranger we welcomed is there.

COMPENSATION.

BY LETTIE S. BIGELOW.

The law of compensation, like a silver thread, may be traced through all moral and physical life. It grew up outside Eden's gates among the ruins and shadows of a violated commandment. It can celebrate its birthday with the thorns and thistles, for the Voice that summoned those bristling growths to life, bade them send forth blossoms to redeem themselves from ugliness. It is mercy come down to soften the penalty which justice inflicts—a hand on the latch of a prison door—the wonderful branch that turns to sweetness the waters of many a Marsh.

Compensation is always the weight in the other side of the balance, keeping the evil and deformity of the world from being overmuch. It attends grief with the divine ministries of consolation; sends the hope of better weather into the rainiest night of the soul; and gives sweetest rest to those who have wrought. It builds an archway of color for the storm to go through, and binds the night in covers of golden sunrise and sunset. It pours sweetest perfume into the cup of the humble flower, but grants the unfragrant blossom the most delicate fashioning and brilliant coloring.

Light and shadow are equally to be laughed for every eclipse, and there is no lot in life so dark that might not be darker but for the sun on the other side of the blackness. But we too often figure up our losses, and forget to compute our gains. We put the most powerful magnifying lens between ourselves and the thorns that wound, and hardly give so much as a glance with the naked eye at the roses that are charming enough to make us forget everything else. Nature never makes up her accounts without an offset. The storms that strew our coasts with wrecks, and give numberless lives to graves that cannot be tended, bear healing currents beneath their wings without which nature would languish. The frost that puts its white palm over the laughter of the brook, and unclothes the trees, has a beauty and use all its own. It covers our windows with etchings of wondrous grace, and puts the earth in preparation to yield another harvest. The Gulf Stream, while augmenting the dangers of navigation, carries verdure to the Emerald Isle. Should it cease to flow, the poetic name of the Librarian's home would

be a misnomer. It is upon the naked branch that the mistletoe flourishes; the velvet moss grows on the sterile rock; the ivy clings to the mouldering and misshapen ruins, and amid the loss and loneliness of the receding year the pine and cedar remain fresh and fadeless.

Nowhere is the compensatory law of nature more singularly revealed than on the island of Ferro, one of the largest of the Canary group. Through its iron-bound soil no river or stream flows, while its wells are almost worthless. Behold how nature makes amends! In the midst of the island grows a tree perennial in verdure, the branches of which are continually covered with a cloud which, condensing, causes the leaves to shed a clear water, and in such abundance that cisterns placed at its base are never empty.

Ask the blue waves that lap the shores of Venice whence came that beautiful crown-jewel of the Adriatic. If they answer truly you will learn how a band of refugees, pursued by a relentless foe, found a covert on some marshy islands of the sea, and there laid the foundation of the queen city of Italy, whose magnificence, even in decay, attracts tourists from all lands.

In the moral, no less than in the physical, world compensation has effect. It makes the dark valley of sorrow the glorified birthplace of faith, puts a crown of heroism upon the brow of suffering, and causes the Sahara of life to bud and blossom as the rose.

What greater evil than war? And yet the drum-beat that summons to bloodshed and anguish calls forth those sublime qualities which make us name men heroes. The master-files of 1775 and 1863—of Lexington and Gettysburg—are not more the registers of battle forces than the rolls of men who grew heroic at the call. The name of Paul Revere would now be a mere lodging-place for the dust of years but for the landing of British troops upon our shores, and Barbara Fritchie would never have been a heroine had not Lee invaded Fredericktown. Belonged France transformed Joan of Arc from the rude peasant girl to the victorious leader of ten thousand troops. The war of the Crimea changed Florence Nightingale, the philanthropist, causing the development of that beautiful self-abnegation which makes her name an honor to the lips that speak it. The persecutions under the early Roman emperors developed heroism the most remarkable the world ever saw. The names of Ignatius and Polycarp and hundreds of others are white blossoms on the dark, rough branches of those early years.

What more terrible than famine? And yet famine does more than awaken the cry of hunger. It often draws out the noblest moral qualities in its victims, and qualities only less noble in their neighbors. The sparks from a burning city have kindled the most munificent charities, and the cloud of a nation's material distress has often broken in spiritual blessings upon its head.

Truly, "as night brings forth stars, so sorrow brings out truths," and not a few will confess their most valuable experiences and richest acquisitions to have been the gifts of adversity. From Jacob's pillow of stones heaven was only a ladder's distance away, and to many cut by the flints of a hard earthly lot has come the richest experience of faith. Their feet have thus been shaped to golden sandals. Often a grave has proved the door-step to life. Many a cripple's crutch has budded and blossomed as truly as did ever Aaron's rod, and yielded forth for heavenly banquets. In the inch-square places where many a life destiny is set, there is often most room for God. In the great Desert are found many stalks of lavender and rosemary, and God as truly sends enough of good into every life to make the doxology an appropriate hymn for perpetual singing. Afflictions draw from the soul its rarest qualities. They are the refining crucibles from whence the soul comes forth purified from earthly dross. They are the mines, deep and dark, where God reveals His richest treasures. They are God's places for making white garments. The tears of the Gethsemane gardens of earth become crown-jewels for the soul in the hour of its triumph.

Hard-wrought battles are the price of victory. Triumph has the sweat of toil upon its brow, and the dust of wayside conflicts upon its garments. It is only for those who bend down to bathe and conquer foes that the world uprears triumphal arches. Laurel wreaths are only earth's recognition of successful toil. It is only those who sow here that shall reap in the great harvest day—only those who overcome in the warfare of life that are to be crowned by and by.

MRS. HAYES.

Of the family circle of the honored nominee of the Republican party, Dr. B. F. Tift, who resided as editor of *Ladies' Repository* for a number of years in Cincinnati, writes in his paper: *The Northern Border*—

"We may say, in conclusion, that Mr. Hayes, though not a member of any Church, is a truly religious man. His wife, whom we knew in her girlhood as Lucy Webb, was educated at the Wesleyan Female College at Cincinnati, and is a consistent member of the Methodist church; and he is himself a regular attendant upon its services. There is one fact which we cannot forbear to state. Though not a professor of religion, so far as we know, he has always maintained the beautiful habit of reading the Scriptures night and morning in his family; and after

the chapter is read, they all kneel down and repeat the Lord's Prayer, as if they believed in God's providence and goodness for guidance and protection. Should he and his estimable wife have the fortune of taking possession of the White House, we are morally certain that each day will be opened and closed in the same manner.

"Mrs. Hayes is a lady of great attractiveness in her appearance, her manners and her conversation. Beautiful in person, intellectual in her tastes, and chastened by a thorough education, she would give grace and dignity, and even charm to all things connected with the presidential household, and the sweet spirit that would prevail at that centre would spread to all departments of the service throughout the nation."

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

The snow was drifting o'er the hills,
Fierce was the wind and loud,
While the Good Shepherd forward pressed,
His head in sorrow bowed;
"O Shepherd, rest, nor farther go,
The tempest hath begun."
"I cannot stay, I must away
To seek My little one!"

A thorn-wreath bound the gentle brow
That beamed with pity sweet,
And marks of wounds were in His Hands,
And scars upon His feet.
Again I said, "O Shepherd, rest,
The tempest hath begun."
He murmured, "Nay, I must away
To seek My little one!"

"I saw Thy flock at peace within
Thine own well-guarded fold;
O Shepherd, pause, for wild the gale
That rages o'er the world!"
"No; one poor lamb hath gone astray,
And soon may be undone;
I cannot stay, I must away
To seek My little one!"

"But since Thy flock are all secure,
Why to the height repair?
If Thou hast ninety-nine at home,
Why for a traitor care?"
"Dearest to Me than all the rest
Is that poor struggling son!
I cannot stay, I must away
To seek My little one!"

"Good Shepherd, tell me, if His need
Should bring the wanderer home,
Wilt Thou not punish him with stripes,
Lest he again should roam?"
"No; I would clasp him to My heart,
As mother clasps her son;
I cannot stay, I must away
To seek My little one!"

Even so, I thought, our gracious Lord
Hath in His heart divine
A wealth of love for all His saints—
For all the ninety-nine!
But most He loves, and most He seeks
The soul by sin undone;
And still He sighs, "I must away
To seek My little one!"
W. H. D. A., in *Scottish Guardian*.

FOR THE YOUNGEST READERS.

PARK SCENES.

BY MARY ABBEY.

In front of my windows is a pleasant square, just such a plot of ground as, in a large city, would be called a park.

It is divided by wide and smooth gravel walks, into four triangles, each triangle enclosed with a low and pretty fence painted green. Here and there are left gaps in the fence, and children run through and play on the grass, that somehow always looks fresh and green. Their light footsteps seem to leave no trace. Often I have wondered at this, with so many little feet skipping over it.

The park is a favorite haunt with children, for it is such a nice place in which to play, so shady and pleasant; and very pleasant it is to see these happy children, and to hear their merry voices.

Sometimes a number of little carriages will be left empty on the gravel walks, while the frolicsome little ones are inside, toddling or creeping about on the green grass, carefully watched by loving eyes. This, too, is a pretty sight. Well, what you have now read of this little park is the sunny or pleasant side.

There are few things on earth that have not a shady as well as sunny side, and our little park is not an exception, as you shall see. A few days ago, as I was sitting at one of the windows of my room fronting the square, I heard the sound of children's voices. Looking up, I saw two boys, the larger of whom was talking very earnestly to the other, who hung his head, and seemed anxious to go away. The air was very clear and still, and they were so near, I could hear quite distinctly what was said.

"Now, you shan't go off, Jim! Come on, and have it out. You may as well; you've got to some time, so come on," said the larger boy in a very coaxing way, stooping down and looking up into his face as he clasped him on the shoulder.

"Let me alone. Mike Brady! I tell you I shan't go."

"Yes, yes, you will, too; you won't be a coward! Come straight along, and fight it out like a man. I'll back you up."

Alas! for poor Jim to be called a coward was too much. He hesitated, and in another minute Mike had fairly—or rather unfairly—pulled along his weak and foolish victim to a knot of boys, a few steps away—some large, and some small—who were apparently waiting for them, and began to cheer as they came on.

I was shocked to see a ring forming, and the two angry boys, very nearly of the same size, urged them on until they were set face to face in the midst.

With angry looks and doubled fists the shameful fight began. Two or three blows were given right and left; but unable longer to endure the sight, I called out in a voice that startled myself as well as them: "Boys, boys, stop that! It is very wicked. Go right away!"

And so they did. Jim was the first to make his way off, and, to my relief, in an opposite direction from the others. As he passed by the window, I said to him, "I am glad you came away; it is much better for you. Go home, and be a good and brave boy, and never fight again."

He looked up, half ashamed, half smiling, but spoke not a word. He had a frank, good expression, and there was hope for Jim as he went away; but as for those other boys, although they looked ashamed and cowardly enough as they slunk away, they were, doubtless, really vexed and disappointed to be disturbed, and their good fun spoiled, as they would be likely to call it. So differently do we look at things!

To me it was a very dark, sad picture. How great the contrast of this shameful scene, in this pleasant, peaceful spot, with the innocent games and sports of happy little children! "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." May this be the prayer of every dear child that reads this little story!

TESTIMONIES AT DR. PALMER'S MEETING, NEW YORK.

There is no struggle in faith. It is a letting down of all struggle, a yielding of the will and letting God take care of everything.

Christ is an abiding Saviour. He will write His law on our hearts, and the Bible may be a garden of beauty and glory every day.

Let us be truthful in our singing. How many times we have sung, "The lone way is my choice," and yet it was not. Let us take heed to our words!

While singing—
"I cannot wash my heart
But by believing Thee."

a simple illustration is presented. As we stand before the basin waiting to wash our hands, we know the reservoir of water is at our disposal, and we have only to turn the faucet; but we might stand there, knowing well that the reservoir was full, the supply abundant, and conscious of our need, and desiring that our hands should be cleansed, still no water would come till we turned the faucet. We must do something more than believe that God is able to cleanse us; that is all right so far as it goes. Believing that God is able and willing will not turn the faucet. If we would bring the power, we must do one thing more. Believe that He is not only able and willing, but that He doeth it, and the water is on—the power comes. Just as sensibly as we realize the deliquescence of the needed refreshing and cooling water, we may realize the blessedness of plunging into this sea of love; but we can only go in and stay in so long as we believe He doeth it. The water of life is cooling and invigorating, and helps us to work so much better for Jesus. We do not read, who-soever will may take some of the water of life, but He speaks as though the whole river was ours of which we can partake as much as we desire. Let us turn on the faucet, and allow the water of life to flow into and fill our souls.

When Moses had renounced the world that he might serve God, the Lord said that he was not ready for the work before him; and so when he was forty years old, He sent him into the wilderness to stay forty years that he might get ready. Some persons, when converted, seem ready for the fight, while others are led slowly step by step into the knowledge of God before they are instruments meet for the Master's use.

If you come to a fork in the road and are uncertain which road to take, stand still! God has something for you to do at the fork before going on. If you do not know what depends on a motion, do nothing but stand still, and when it comes time for you to proceed, you will know which way to take. You will never be disappointed in waiting on God. They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings, as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint. To the loving child of God who commits himself, in faith, to God, soaring is easy; running is harder than soaring; walking is harder than running; and the nearer we get to stillness, the harder it is; but when we come to the stillness of God, He puts His panoply around us, and nothing can harm us. Stillness is the point of victory, where, amid the commotion of a busy life, we can be still and say, "Thy will be done!"

Jesus wants to bring His people into the land of rest, and so He sends not only the Moses and Aarons, but the twelve—the laity—that they may get rich clusters and bring a good report. Ten of the twelve apostles who were sent, acknowledged the land was good, but were afraid of the giants. Let us be among the Caleb and Joshuas, and having found out that the land flows with milk and honey, let us entreat others to go up and possess it, for we are able.

E. J. C.

